Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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I Know You, Al

BY EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN

Light thrown by the dramatic career of "Scarface" Capone on the great American crime problem

LAST winter two of the most powerful men in the United States occupied mansions in Miami scarcely a stone's throw apart. One was Herbert Hoover, chosen by an overwhelming vote to uphold and enforce the law; the other was Al Capone, head of a government within a government which, with notable success, thwarts and defies the law. Capone's Miami palace was every bit as luxurious as that occupied by Mr. Hoover. What a perfect commentary on the present state of American civilization!

Today, President Hoover in the White House is waiting — anxiously, no doubt — for some drastic and effective answer to the nation's crime problem from his recently named commission. Capone, safe for the first time in five years from the plotting of his murderous competitors, is directing his complicated affairs from the Holmesburg Prison in Philadelphia. He would like to relinquish the best paying and most dangerous job in America — but bootleg leaderships are life jobs — though short. There is no escape.

IN HIS desire to give up his career, Capone is merely indicating his common sense. He is noted for that; in every turn of his twisted climb to fame or infamy he has at least been sensible. And he has sense enough to know that there is no hope of his present wish being gratified, sincere though I believe it to be. He knows that if he were to walk a mile without guards he would be killed by his rivals. If he were to go a few miles in a direction his gang did not understand he would be killed by his guards. They are always with him. In gangland, when you are in — you are *in*.

To know something of the dramatic story of Al Capone, the Scar-

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face, is to understand something of the appalling problem with which President Hoover's Crime Commission — and the national conscience, too — must wrestle. Hence I take Al Capone as my text.

The fact that this gang leader, fearful and feared, is glad to be in jail is a clear insight into the topsy-turvy situation which the insidious power of organized crime has introduced into this country. It would be far more simple for Capone to escape, trapped as he is, than it will be for America to fight its way out of the coils of this same power which has ramifications and resources throughout the nation.

INDEED, Capone's mansion at Miami typifies the situation. No longer can one be sure where the borderline runs between the underworld and the haunts of the mighty. The ancient and reassuring notion that crime does not pay has been erased entirely by circumstance. It pays in the millions. It pays not only to the most undesirable and murderous stratum of our citizenry but it delivers with winks and sardonic bows to many "respectable" people in power. Oh, many! And it *puts* a good portion of them in power.

In 1926 "Scarface Al" Capone handled, through vice, brewing, gambling, and distilling interests, a gross income of seventy million dollars. That's one gang's intake. The gang belongs to Al Capone, and even the figures aren't mine. They are documented records of Edwin A. Olsen, a United States District Attorney with courage and ability, who devoted every force and element at his command to put obstacles in the way of the Capone gang. He was one of the ablest prosecutors I have known, and I have known hundreds. In this instance he got exactly nowhere. He is no longer in office.

Last year Al Capone told me, personally, that thirty million dollars was spent in Chicago for protection. Considering the remarkable results that a paltry five hundred dollars will accomplish in bribery, the corruption that can be wrought among weak or dishonest office holders by a sum like thirty million dollars is appalling to contemplate.

LET us take one example. We will say that a police captain has accepted twenty-five thousand dollars — more to come. He has considerable power in the area which he commands and nothing can be more normal than that his thug employers, paying him four times what the city pays him, are in favor of the very worst candidates put up in any type of election. Briefly, they would rather have corrupt men put into office at the beginning than go through all the nuisance of cautiously and diplomatically corrupting them later. The police captain naturally does just about what he is told. Under him are six lieutenants. He can wreck their records if he cares to, for every day in police circles there is at least one opportunity for a superior officer, on some technicality, to pitch in a wrong mark on a subordinate's record. Those lieutenants usually follow the lead of the captain. The sergeants follow them. The plain policemen follow the sergeants. And the whole group, representing a perfect mass of minor power, talks around through the district. Add

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some money at election time, and the election of the man desired by the thugs is not merely a possibility — it's a cinch.

For fear that there may be some doubt that a police captain is worth — or gets — twenty-five thousand dollars *per annum*, it may be well to state here that Chief-of-Police Morgan A. Collins of Chicago was offered, in 1927, five dollars a barrel on two hundred and fifty barrels a day if he merely gave one gang permission to move the beer. If they can offer a chief twenty-five thousand dollars in twenty days, they can readily pay a captain twenty-five thousand dollars for three hundred and sixty-five days of intelligent service. Constant service, too, because the weak or dishonest official who accepts a bribe for merely remaining inactive, winds up by being definitely and actively engaged in the major operations of his thug bosses.

YES, indeed, there's plenty of money; plenty of weakness, plenty of dishonesty, although it must be confessed that the evidence of this is somewhat negative. About the only details that can be clearly stated are regarding rejected offers, such as that of Chief Collins and another one made to E. C. Yellowly, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. He was offered a quarter of a million dollars if he would look away from one alcohol plant in Chicago, and to this day the thugs regard him as slightly crazed.

Thugs are that way. Dr. William Hickson, in charge of the Psychopathic Institute in Chicago, has examined forty or fifty beer runners and gang sluggers arrested in recent years and finds that their average mentality is about twelve years. So, naturally, when they offer a $250,000 lolly-pop to a man who doesn't wear and perhaps hasn't got a single diamond, his refusal merely means to them that he has gone gaga, as we say in the nursery.

Now, take these two offers and bear in mind that they were made to the two leading authorities in Chicago who could hamper the bootleggers. Lesser authorities cost less in bribery. These two tops would have cost less than a million dollars — had they accepted these tremendous offers. They cost the Chicago bootleggers nothing, but the bootleggers last year spent thirty million dollars. Figure it out for yourself.

ANYONE who knows anything about elections in America knows that even under the most honest auspices money is a tremendous factor. A combination of money and thuggery at election time is almost unbeatable in most cities. In the fine residential districts the voter makes up his mind; but in the more populous poor districts the voter's mind is made up for him. He needs everything; and the organizations which can provide him with anything expect him to take signals from them. Furthermore, where knuckle politics are required, they can hit an opponent harder and knock him further, and get out of it easier, than ever before.

After all, the fellow who receives a mighty crack on the jaw can't go to the home of the candidate of the better element for redress. He has to go to a policeman. I've told you

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about the policeman, and his boss, and his boss, and his boss, and his boss. Which brings us right back to Al Capone, and the story of how he came to be what he is.

AL CAPONE was born thirty-two years ago in Brooklyn. His father was a barber and, believe it or not, Al was one of the best-liked kids in the neighborhood. At twenty-one he had never been arrested and in a tough neighborhood that's pretty good.

Capone was the best pool player in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. He never drank and the one outstanding trait known about him, in the tough circles where his skill with a cue won him some attention, was that he must be home every night at ten-thirty. That's what got him into trouble and started his criminal career. One night he was listening to a political rally when a fellow from his favorite pool room sought him out and told him excitedly that a slicker had stopped in at the hang-out and had cleaned out the best of the talent for about eight hundred dollars. He was threatening to leave and they had been searching for Al to win some of the money back.

It was quarter to nine. Al hurried over to the pool room and at half past ten he had the eight hundred dollars back and a hundred and fifty of the stranger's money. The stranger was tough and unhappy. Al was due home. He said so.

Without a word the stranger reached in his pockets, opened a long bladed knife, and told Al that he'd play another game, or else — ! Al struck once to the chin. The stranger fell, and lay motionless. Al ran for home. Twenty minutes later a misinformed pal arrived to tell him that his late opponent was dead.

There was excitement and weeping in the Capone home. Al had some tough cousins in the Five Points Gang in lower Manhattan. They'd know what to do in a case like this. They did. They assured him that he had to get out of town immediately and that they would try to fix it with Johnny Torrio, a captain in their gang, to take him. Torrio was going to Chicago to be a bodyguard for Jim Colosimo, vice-overlord who has since been slain.

Meanwhile, for nearly a month, the man that Capone hit lingered between life and death in a Brooklyn hospital. Capone, who became an aide of Torrio's, plunged into crime at the top in Chicago. He was too far in to back out when his supposed victim recovered.

PROHIBITION was just settling down into a systematized and deadly joke. Torrio and Capone, infinitely brighter than their boss, Colosimo, got the drift of what prohibition would mean to fellows who were tough and willing to take a chance. With the power of Colosimo behind them they were soon launched, with a real organization, into the new super-graft bootlegging.

Within a month Jim Colosimo, involved in one of the most tragic romances of the Chicago underworld, was shot to death in the doorway of his great restaurant. Capone and Torrio, with a desperately efficient and growing organization, were no longer restricted by the limitations of Colosimo. They knew

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everyone in the underworld or in crooked politics who could be of any value to them and by 1921 with the police either quiescent or helpful, they were all set for the millions. Their beer vans rumbled through Chicago and their high-powered automobiles swept in deftly disconnected caravans between Canada and Chicago and New York and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in all vice or crook history.

TORRIO made the original political contacts in Chicago under the guidance of Colosimo, but today Capone, left alone by the flight of Torrio under gun-fire, has attained unprecedented eminence in the big current merger of the underworld with politics.

During this period of Capone's rise and rule there have been some four thousand homicides in Chicago. Let us consider a few of them, which throw tiny sidelights on the crime conditions arising under prohibition.

Fourteen days after the death of Dion O'Banion in 1924, Hymie Weiss, his successor, blaming Torrio for O'Banion's death, pulled up alongside Torrio's automobile and raked the car. Torrio's chauffeur was killed. Torrio himself, with bullet holes in his hat, was already half way through with his leadership. He was typical of those gangsters who can gracefully give it, but hate to take it.

Two days later Torrio and his wife tiptoed from their car on a street directly behind their home, intending to cut through to their own back yard. They were fooling no one. Fifty machine-gun slugs riddled the buildings and trees about them as a big car swept by. Three of the bullets — poisoned with garlic — found lodgment in Torrio's body. He spent a month in a hospital wavering between life and death. He had had enough.

He was a wreck of a man through his injuries and poisoning; his plea was that he could do nothing for months, anyway, and that he would like to see his relatives in Italy before they — or he — died. He had the powerful Capone put leverage on the gang to bring this escape about; and when the gang had consented, three cars containing the crack shots of the Capone-Torrio outfit escorted him to Buffalo and got him by private car to New York just in time for a steamer bound for Italy. Four men went with him. He had more than a million dollars, and lives today forty miles from Genoa — still guarded.

PREVIOUSLY, Hymie Weiss, leader of the rival North Side Gang in Chicago, had kept Torrio informed during his stay at the Waukegan Jail that there was no hurry — he owed them a funeral. Six of Torrio's gang guarded the jail — in addition to the normal jail guards — to keep the North Siders away. When, six weeks before Torrio's sentence was due to terminate, he was freed and made his get-away to Italy, the rage of the North Side Gang was so great that they invaded Cicero with a thirty-car caravan of gangsters, each car equipped with machine guns, and blew the fronts off every building owned by Capone in that gang stronghold. This is America!

Would you hear more? Two months later Thomas Ross, Capone's

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chauffeur, was "picked off for a ride" with no one to help him. The North Side Gang took him out to East Chicago, tortured him in the most frightful manner for hours to learn of Capone's plans and movements, and then killed him and tossed his body into a cistern.

AGAIN, two months later, Hymie Weiss, North Side leader, was coming from a court room in which Joe Saltis, a beer runner, was on trial charged with the murder of one "Mitters" Foley, gangster. Weiss had in his pocket the entire list of witnesses for the defense *as well as for the prosecution!* Every witness for the prosecution was subsequently intimidated and Saltis was acquitted, but Weiss did not live to see all that.

With his list in his pocket, and accompanied by his bodyguards, Sam Peller, and Patrick Murray, as well as W. W. O'Brien, an attorney interested in the case, and Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator of the attorney's office, he reached the corner of the Holy Name Cathedral, directly across from the flower shop headquarters of the North Side Gang.

From an upper window of 740 State Street, adjoining the flower shop, there came a hail of machine-gun bullets. Weiss fell dead with twelve slugs in his body as did Murray, one of the guards. Attorney O'Brien, with five wounds, struggled to a physician nearby and after months in the hospital recovered. Jacobs and Peller were but slightly wounded.

"Schemer" Drucci, who succeeded Weiss as the North Side leader, lived but three months. He was succeeded by George "Bugs" Moran, who lost twenty minor operatives through gun fire in two years. It was "Bugs" Moran whom the gangsters were seeking last Valentine's Day when they lined up seven gangsters in the shipping headquarters of the gang and blew them to death with a thousand gun bullets — a massacre which shocked the nation.

Two weeks later John Scalici, Albert Anselmi and Joe Guinta of the Capone forces — the first two among the most desperate killers in Chicago's criminal records — were all found in a car, riddled to death, south of Chicago. They were "given the ride" in retaliation for the massacre. More will follow them.

Scalici and Anselmi had killed three policemen in one day — and forty other crimes had been attributed to them. They were the scourges for the Genna brothers, working under Capone. Three of the Gennas died from bullet sickness in eighty days. The Gennas were all-important "Big Shots." Picking them off that fast was regarded with great joy by North Side gangsters.

SEVENTY "Big Shots" have been killed in Chicago in the last five years, not to mention more than three hundred minor beer runners and thugs. But there have been only four defendants brought to trial. None was convicted. The closest to conviction was James Dougherty who was seen by a mob of witnesses when he killed Eddie Tancl, a gangster, during a wild-west election in the town of Cicero outside Chicago. He was prosecuted by State's

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Attorney William H. McSwiggin, but finally beat the case. Four months later McSwiggin, the prosecutor, and Dougherty, the defendant, were both shot to death with one John Duffy, a supporter of State's Attorney Robert Crowe. The shooting took place in Cicero less than a half mile from where Dougherty had killed Tancl.

BEFORE all of these impressive events occurred, the man who brought Torrio and Capone to Chicago as bodyguards — Jim Colosimo — was found, when shot to death, to have been robbed of $150,000 in one thousand dollar bills which he carried in his pocket. I mention this merely to get to the subject of money and gangsters. That's what it is all about — money. Widespread public defiance of Prohibition has given them this money — in amounts and with a continuity never known before in crime history. And they have spent it lavishly to buy power.

When Angelo, one of the notorious Genna brothers, was killed he had $30,000 in his pocket — as a man carries change! On the seventy "Big Shots" killed, more than $500,000 was found, aside from all their bank deposits. You probably know what $500,000 will do in politics. And when a gang chief wants something done politically he doesn't depend on his pocket money! He goes to the bank.

Such money has been active all through the country in local politics. Gang wars and organized crime and the profits thereof are not exclusive products of Chicago. In Los Angeles and San Francisco a month ago I saw six gangsters — four from New York and two from Chicago. They never prowl for their health. Who do you imagine delivers booze in those cities? Gangsters! Everything that has happened in Chicago may happen in every other large city within five years, as matters are developing. There is no question about it. It's a matter of booze economics. There is nothing trivial about the illicit liquor business. It's a tremendous thing reaching into every city.

Frankie Uale, better known as Frankie Yale, was shot down in Brooklyn, by gangsters in an Illinois car. Frankie Marlow, recently slain in New York City, was another victim of the business.

IF THE reader is inclined to scowl at this record and turn thumbs down on Al Capone, let me say that, in my capacity as a newspaper man, I have known twenty men infinitely more vicious than he is. In my book, *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*, I say of him:

"It has been conclusively proved in my experience that no one can obtain or maintain leadership unless he 'has something'. Those who have known Capone well, and for years, grant him a few qualities that would be acceptable in any one. He has concentration and executive ability which many possessors of better trained minds might envy. He is not petty. He is generous, foolishly so. He is intensely loyal. He has a good memory and is appreciative. He talks little but when he utters a few sounds you have heard something."

He made a strangely pleasant impression on some of his guests in

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Florida. People either like him very much — or want to kill him. Now those who want to kill him are exceedingly numerous; but they still fear him too much to try.

And so as you think of Al Capone sitting there in his cell at Holmesburg Prison don't be sure that — powerful as he is — he is a unique or terrifically important part of what's the matter with America. He's just a brightly polished cog in a machine three thousand miles wide and as high as from Mexico to Canada. He is a by-product of our Prohibition problem — and hundreds of thousands of otherwise law-abiding citizens are putting up the vast sums for which he and his fellows have been fighting.

Transplanting

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

She is gay and most unwise
Solitary and rebellious,
Rebel hair
And rebel eyes
Rebel heart
And rebel lips —
Meeting all the bulk of custom
With unconquerable whys? —
Frowning walls and towering bastions
Stormed by butterflies.

She is like some half-grown birch tree
Thing of sky and flower-bright ground
Planted in a city backyard
Hemmed with brick walls round and round,
Sending up its green leaves bravely
Through the unaccustomed soot
Mocking brick and sterile asphalt
Feeling death along its root.

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The Ways of Muk-pi

By Mary Lee Davis

A charming, sympathetic narrative by an American woman who found that the colonel's lady and even an Eskimo Judy O'Grady may come close to sisterhood

Eskimo Muk-pi had come to pay her first social call on me in that far Alaskan home I knew so many years.

"How come?" queried Muk-pi, snuggling close to the register and pointing to the black grated hole in the floor. "How come hot? No see him fire. How come, please?"

Now I felt that the complex magic of a hot air furnace could be better shown than explained, so we descended to our small cellar where an empty crude-oil drum had been converted into a miniature furnace. In the dim light and the dented glow from the open draft, shadows flickered and the white asbestos-wrapped pipes, reaching out under the floor to our four small rooms above, stretched aloft in eerie gesture. The little woman caught at my hand in terror.

"Very big devil, him," she whispered. "How you talk him devil? How you make him breath hot?"

"You talk about thirty cords of wood to him, a winter! He's a hungry thing, but a good little devil," I laughed, reaching up and patting one of the twisted white arms. "See, Muk-pi, good devil. If you feed him plenty wood, he makes plenty of hot breath upstairs. Warms our feet, good and plenty, upstairs."

But she was still clutching tightly to my hand as we went up the short steps.

Muk-pi was working on a pair of native boots for me — *mukluks*, her people call them — and as I went many times to her home on the sand-spit to watch their progress, one day a difficult situation arose which only her supreme tact could solve.

It was the custom to offer food when a person entered the home, even though that home might be merely an upturned summer canoe of walrus hide tilted upon an Arctic sand-spit. But such food! My interior absolutely revolted at its mere sight and odor, for the choicest delicacy of that season — a glacé, much admired in select sand-spit circles — was a concoction of crushed blueberries (apparently their only vegetable food) half fermented and then mixed with seal fat and buried in frozen ground until it reached a slush-like consistency of frappé. The color and odor of this dish were

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equally odious, but Muk-pi noticed my distaste at once and sprang to the rescue.

"Muk-pi no like pie, your people. Missis Day-vees no like blueberry, my people. All same, no like!" She smiled in pleased delight over her gastronomic parallel.

"I say, my people: 'You see lay-dee, very good girl, make good friend, long time, Muk-pi.' My people say: 'Give him good eat, blueberry.' Quick, Missis Day-vees, you make eat, now, good reindeer leg. You see? Plenty smoke, good meat. You like him. I say, my people: 'Good lay-dee make eat, already now.'"

THIS, then, was the remedy, and it worked beautifully. She provided me with a long and really most edible strip of jerked reindeer meat that tasted like tough dried beef and was well smoked and salty. As long as Muk-pi could point to the fact that I was already well provided with refreshment (and to lend color to the tale I gnawed occasionally upon the reindeer leg with some real show of relish) the local courtesies and amenities were observed.

But it seemed to be in matters regarding the palate (for which there is no accounting) that the little Eskimo and I found mutual adjustment most difficult, no matter how hard we tried to please one another with friendly tid-bits. Muk-pi looked so thoroughly the dainty Oriental, with her tiny hands and feet, her graceful manner, her quick response, that I thought it quite safe to say a "yes" when she one day offered me tea at her sand-spit cabin. But the tea proved of most un-Oriental flavor. It tasted more like concentrated lye and must have been a-brewing long hours upon that stove. My very tongue was corroded at the first hot gulp and I set down the heavy cup with a hurried clatter. But my little copper-brown friend caught up the cup and darted with it to another corner of the cabin, emerging with a black quart bottle, conspicuously three-starred.

"Muk-pi forget! White people all time like this, him tea. White man say, tea very good drink, plenty *this*, Mistaire Hen-nis-sie!" And she smiled with a disarming innocence while lacing that half pint cup with half its space in spirits!

"You like him, now!" she cried, clapping delicate tawny hands and standing by in beatific observance to watch my looked-for joy in drinking of this dreadful potent cup. So, gathering what power of face control I had learned in years of poker games with my husband's mining pals, I drank. Surely black vitriol could not result in more raw inner agony; but my hostess was very happy.

THERE was also that matter of the pie — which became a famous jest forever between us. I had made some superlatively perfect mince-meat pies; or so my husband had called them, though I grant he had a motive. And after explaining carefully to Muk-pi what mince pies meant in the way of holiday spirit and good will to "my people," I had given her one to take home. Unfortunately, she had eaten this pie, complete, at a single sitting and it had made her desperately ill. She considered this a wonderful joke on me and I grant that it was — though not

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perhaps from quite the same viewpoint. She who could eat raw meat, frozen meat, petrified meat, and all manner of deadly, maggoty, animal food had been utterly bowled over by my prize mince pie. Eskimo pie, indeed! Next time she came I had better learned my lesson and gave her, in place of pie, a box of candles. I had the grace never to enquire if they had been eaten or lighted! Anyway, they were deeply appreciated and had evidently furnished real cheer; but whether to light the eye or delight the palate I could only guess.

THESE so simple people, probably through their very carnivoracity and the tough daily elements of their diet, seemed generally to have very fine teeth, though in old age, especially with the women, teeth were often worn down to mere stubs. This came, perhaps, through too much daily contact with walrus leather, chewing to pliability the tough soles of the family mukluks. I gathered that Muk-pi's mother, who had recently died, had practically starved to death, able no longer to chew but only to suck such nutriment as she could from chunks of very tough meat.

This had happened, so Muk-pi and her sisters carefully explained, even though they had given to their aging mother a brand new name by which all the people had been most careful to call her; and which should, by all the sacred rites of magic, have tricked the grim and groping powers of darkness into giving the newly named woman a new lease of life.

After her death, for many days, no needle or bodkin could be used about the cabin, no axe or knife, for fear of accidentally harming the poor ghost which still was lingering near. There could be no harsh or sudden noises, either, for they too might frighten and offend. So, too, little Muk-pi told me, after the killing of a polar bear, when the soul of the bear always waits three days near the spot where it has been slain; and any careless use of knives nearby, or any angry shout or hasty movement, may offend the ghost of this much feared and reverenced Lord of the Arctic Ice — and cause some dire revenge.

Muk-pi's family had a term of courtesy which they used in speaking of the great white bear — a term as apparently synonymous with our "Sir" or "Lord" as folk so truly democratic in their ways could conjure.

In a similar fashion, in the old days when whales were more plentiful, the soul of the great white whale was respected in death; and a period of utter quiet would be imposed upon all the people after one had been taken and killed, to do proper honor to its vast and hovering spirit.

MUK-PI told me that her people firmly believe that there is land lying to the north of the continent, in the Polar Sea; and this tradition of theirs, stubbornly held, has been one of the reasons Arctic explorers have had for expecting to discover new polar lands. The Eskimos declare that in times past parties of their people have gone out into the north over the ice and have returned again, after many years. They also say that the snow goose always flies north to breed, yet in the fall it returns again with young, going south. That unknown summer re-

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treat of the snow goose has become the dim *ultima Thule* of Muk-pi's people.

I never saw a folk more fond of their games, their music, their inner family life and of all good friendly intercourse. And their community fellowship — with all dealings overlaid with joking, and with bubbling good humor! Have they this inner cheer, these people of my Muk-pi, because they have purposely and willingly chosen to face undaunted the sternest physical reality known upon this whirling world of ours — to face it with eyes undimmed by any beguiling sophistry, by any elusive romanticism of evasion? Is that the secret spring of their satisfaction, so real, which they guard so happily?

For the Innuit cling ever close to the sea, and never choose to travel far inland, even on their long hunting trips. They will go far out over the ice in winter after polar bear or other game. But the inner lands never tempt them; and though they seem a notably peaceful people amongst themselves, settling most difficulties with a courtesy and consideration for the other fellow positively amazing to us so notably self-seeking, they are by no means lacking in warlike courage as desperate bloody battles with the interior and alien Indians, in times not too long past, have proved.

Their kindness, in more ways than one, was equal to their courage. Never, in all my days upon the sand-spit did I ever see a child either scolded or punished, though I did witness a baby's bath that might have seemed severe punishment to a child of a less hardy race. A small boy of about one year was up-ended on his mother's lap as she sat upon the ground, surrounded by motley kitchen utensils, before her summer cottage *umiak*. And she was literally scouring the child's back with a mixture of beach sand and soap! His little body was a copper pink and his mother was rubbing the soft skin with the same hard rotary motion an energetic housewife might use on the base of a kettle. But the child was gurgling with pleasure, though he squirmed under the stiff friction. And yet many people insist that the Eskimos are "a dirty people!"

"Muk-pi," I asked, "don't your sisters ever punish their children? If they are naughty? Or aren't they ever naughty? They always seem so laughing and happy."

"Come bay-bee, cabin, come very good spirit, all same time. You say bad word, bay-bee — you make hit, bay-bee — good spirit, him go way, quick. No come back, this same cabin, long time. Very bad what-you-call luck, bay-bee good spirit go way. Him mother, him father, all time very good, bay-bee. Speak nice, all him time. Good spirit, make stay, cabin."

"Tell me, Muk-pi, does the good spirit stay until the baby grows to be a man?"

"Your people, Missis Day-vees, make all time big fon-nee talk, good spirit. Muk-pi people, no make fon-nee talk. Muk-pi people make all time friend, good spirit. He live, all time, my people cabin. He come, all time, with little bay-bee. My people love little bay-bee all time. Good spirit stay. Make bad talk, make cross hit, good spirit very much cry, go away all time.

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"Little bay-bee sick, medicine man come quick, put little bay-bee what-you-call soul, him medicine bag. Tie him soul tight, no can die. Little bay-bee soul, no can go out now, this same cabin. Tie him soul tight, medicine man, him bag."

ALL this deep magic was not, of course, generally discussed. Nor was it ever confided to white people, except under unusual circumstances — or so my white friends in Nome told me. For I met many women of my own race in Nome who had never even set a foot upon the sand-spit except to witness occasional native dances, those dramatic spectacles of hunting and fishing symbolism so vividly enacted. The natives (they said) were dirty people, and told lies. Also they would not talk when spoken to, but only cluck and pretend not to understand. This I could readily believe for Muk-pi's folk feared ridicule above all things, children that they were, and argument with us grown-ups was so useless. They had learned, through sad experience of our proselyting ways, that to confide their simple ancient faiths often meant both ridicule and argument. But there can be no counterword to silence.

What mimics they were, these people of my Muk-pi! And how very horrified some of the good white ladies of Nome would have been — those ladies who served me decorous tea of afternoons and with whom I played innumerable rubbers of bridge o' nights — if they could have seen us rolling with mirth o' mornings out there upon the sand-spit while Muk-pi and her sisters mimicked to perfection their walk, their talk, their very tilt of head! Every little peculiarity was hit upon with the merciless wit of a caricature and accented just enough to be excruciatingly funny.

"You play card, Missis Q.....? Missis Q....., him one time buy fish, my brother, Chik-em. Make big talk — so — " and there followed a long story of dramatic gibberish, such as a child uses to mock the speech of grown-ups — with the accent and rhythm of Mrs. Q..... to the very life!

"Muk-pi, you are a little monkey!"

"Mon-kee? I no see mon-kee. How come, him?"

TO EVADE this too pertinent query, I questioned in turn, begging Muk-pi to tell me of the five fine blue lines in her little chin — how they came there and what their meaning was. And she told me that when she was a young girl just turning woman, her mother one day mixed in a little dish of hollowed stone, a paste of deep blue dye. Next she threaded a needle of fine bone splinter and, pulling the thread through the paste until it, too, was a deep blue, she ran the needle carefully under the outer skin of Muk-pi's firm little chin, in five well-spaced close vertical lines. Then she cut off the threads that remained, leaving marks there like a blue tattoo. The process did not hurt very much, or at all — so Muk-pi said.

Apparently this had taken place when she was about eleven years old, and probably it had to do with some rite of puberty; for to these primitive people, of course, the supreme mystery (as for us) is the occultism of the so-called "facts of life" — all

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conspiring to make the woman the aboriginal source of magic and taboo. But because this is the prototype of all taboo neither Muk-pi, the little so-called savage, nor I, the so-called woman of civilization, could reach down into and beyond those inherited prejudices of ours to discuss it — for this was far too abstruse a matter, away beyond our limited mutual vocabulary.

I HAD my choice of color in the soles of my *mukluks*, but I was not allowed any choice at all in the pattern of the top portion. I had greatly admired the design of a pair worn by Chik-em, the fisher-hunter brother, whose heirloom cod-hooks of beaten bronze — wrought from the wreck of some long-lost Russian craft and delicately adorned with fascinating dangles of salmon scales, colored bone and stone — have no doubt proved the undoing of many a lordly fish.

These *mukluks* of Chik-em's which had so caught my fancy were made with a thin bright red strip of walrus stitched around the black turned-up sole; and above that, wide vertical alternating strips of brown and white reindeer leg, culminating at the knees in a deep collar of small checker-band squares of intricately matched brown-gray and white reindeer pattern.

But I could not have the bright red horizontal binding, Muk-pi explained, because that was drug-store color (aniline dye) and that, to Muk-pi, was new-fangled, cheap, and tawdry! No friend of hers was to be seen in such a color! Chik-em's wife was a lazy person, infected with these false, new, modern notions — to have made him such *mukluks* — and his relatives were deeply chagrined to see him wearing them so shamelessly. Muk-pi mentioned this delicate family matter in quite the same nice tone of reserved and ladylike disgust that my Philadelphia grandmother used when speaking of a "person" who left the house without first buttoning her gloves! There are certain standards of conduct that simply must be observed.

Mine was to be a deeper red, a maroon, dyed from crushed native roots and warranted not to crock, run or fade. Nor could I have the checkerboard design atop, but another — "more nice," said Muk-pi. As it turned out, mine was to be a diamond pattern which was more difficult to make, all so deftly matched and sinew-sewn, and was really much more lovely. So that in the end I was more than content. What right had I even to comment? Watching the daily arduous chewing of those soles, hour upon hour, until the tough leather became workable and soft, I realized that any criticism of mine would be in the nature of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

BUT the most adamant prohibition of all concerned the broad white stripes running up the leg of these boots. These were, for me, absolutely taboo. I argued and I pleaded. I offered to buy the necessary amount of white reindeer skin myself, for I knew that the white skin, being rare, is ten times more dear than is the natural color. But, no. They chattered and they discussed and they were really very serious about it. Apparently a woman's desire to wear those white

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stripes on her legs was utterly heretical and revolutionary. Quite as disruptive of public morals, indeed, as the scandalous desire of "ladies," back in the '80's, to wear bloomers!

"Very bad, white piece, woman *mukluk*," Muk-pi declared, with the air of a Portia passing judgment.

"But, Muk-pi, your brother wears them."

"Very good, man *mukluk*. Very bad, woman *mukluk*," she declared, and nothing I could do or say or threaten or promise could move her. Evidently there was some deep sex taboo regarding the matter, the secrets of which I was never able to fathom in spite of their liberal freedom of speech in all other matters. This had to do with standards of modesty — and standards of modesty simply aren't discussed in polite circles. Not upon the sand-spit! It would not do for me to wear white strips of reindeer running up my legs. I was a woman and women did not wear them. That was enough and it was final. My morals had to be safeguarded.

And such quiet determination and such sureness of purpose I never have seen combined in so small a body.

I THINK that the utter lack of trees, and even of bushes large enough to count for anything, has always seemed to me the most amazing thing upon this gaunt Asia-facing shoreline of Seward Peninsula; and even more amazing was Muk-pi's dramatic story of her own first sight of growing trees. Here where she had been born and bred was driftwood only — great dead trees from the Upper Yukon which its falling banks for twenty-two hundred miles were forever wearing down and carrying away, out into Bering Sea at length, where the summer current sets ever northward and sucks them, finally, into the narrow funnel of the Straits and so on and up and beyond into the greedy maw of the Arctic.

But all along that northwest coast through the Diomedes, driftwood from those far-away forests is mercifully upcast by the sea, the whole, brief, swift and sun-drenched summer long; and groups of men go daily, a primitive fire-worshipping coast guard, to collect this drift of Providence against the coming of an Arctic night. It is to them an ancient rite of immemorial midsummer.

DEAD trees, water-logged trees, branchless and rootless trees to be converted into winter fuel — all these Muk-pi had known since infancy. But she had never seen a living, growing tree until that time when as "cook and seamstress" she had travelled with Captain Fergus along the Arctic Slope and up the giant Mackenzie River into the heart of northwestern Canada.

One day he had called to her to come quickly, from the little galley of their boat where she was preparing a meal. He pointed to a far hill and bade her tell him what it was she saw there. She looked, and was very much afraid. For, so she said, beyond and grouped upon the opposite slope were many tall dark men — many strange tall dark men — standing upon that windy hill and watching them, moving too their shaggy black arms in angry gesture. Many men were there, come no doubt to do battle with them in this far strange country to the east-

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ward — not at all the country of her own people but the place of those alien Indian folk who dwelt always within these inner lands; who had named her people "the Eskimo," raw meat eaters, in jealous fear; people whom her kinsmen had destroyed so often, times past, in many bloody battles.

But Fergus had laughed at her fear and to the accompaniment of her panic and her protest insisted upon making fast the boat and going ashore there, the two of them advancing alone to meet that hostile group of dark and threatening warriors on the hillside. As they drew nearer those strange men waved their arms and whispered together. She, Muk-pi, could hear them. They seemed to shift and move in council and always to be whispering some word, secretly, together.

At last, half dead with terror, little Muk-pi, the Eskimo, was herself walking in among those giants of the hill, those moving whispering giants. Fergus made her raise her hands and stroke their rough sides, reach up and touch and even break away their hoary black arms. And he told her then that these wild living things were trees — the very same whose poor dead watery ghosts she had so often gathered upon the familiar Nome sand-spit, whose hot breath she had often felt in winter fires and out of whose warm flanks had been built the driftwood cabins of her people.

Trees — as men, walking!

September Night

By John R. C. Peyton

September night —
And a cloud like a shaggy buffalo,
head-lowered,
Dashes at the moon.

What frenzied runner is loose tonight?
A wild new wind —
A long, lean thing
With flying hair
And cold keen breath.

I hear a wailing:
"Summer is gone,"
Sing the shaking stars.
"Summer is gone,"
Cries the ragged moon —
"Gone like a wild young lover."

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Is the Tariff Fair to Farmers?

By Theodore Christianson
Governor of Minnesota

Voicing sentiment wide-spread in the Middle West, a vigorous State Executive declares the pending tariff fails to remove discrimination against agriculture

The present issue between agriculture and industry arises out of a new conception of the economics of foreign commerce. Formerly it was the ambition of every nation to sell more than it bought. Every effort was exerted to make exports exceed imports in order that there might be created a favorable balance of trade. Settlement of such balances in specie was desired in order that there might be built up great gold reserves.

The trouble with the old economist was that he over-emphasized the importance of gold. He overlooked the obvious fact that, outside of a very limited field, gold has no value except as a medium of exchange and as a basis of credit. Indeed the possession of too much gold may cause considerable embarrassment to a nation whose major interests are industrial and agricultural. For it is obvious that any people which holds a preponderance of the world's gold, and which is for that reason a creditor nation, cannot continue to enjoy favorable trade balances indefinitely. It would ultimately either acquire all of the world's commercial medium and reduce international trade to a system of primitive barter or forego collection from its debtors of the balances due it.

During the World War the United States sold more than it bought. It changed its status from debtor to creditor. It acquired the greatest gold reserve ever possessed by any nation. It became the world's banker. But the unprecedented accumulation of gold and credits was not without loss. For Uncle Sam cannot live off his banking business. He must be a producer as well as a money-lender. He must sell goods and commodities as well as collect interest. He is now finding himself in the situation of a merchant who has sold so many goods on time that his customers must either bring in cordwood for further purchases or begin trading at another store.

We cannot continue to sell unless we buy. And the necessity for selling is increasing. The war gave a great impetus to production. The farmer, assured that food would win the war, increased the number of acres under tillage. He intensified cultiva-

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tion. He bought more machinery. He bred up his livestock. He eliminated the boarders from his herds. He built barns and silos. In every way he improved his efficiency. He increased his exportable surplus.

INDUSTRY also speeded up its processes. It harnessed rivers. It developed means for a more general and more economical distribution of electricity. It placed twenty-seven horse power of energy in the hands of every worker. It enlarged steam-shovels, lengthened freight trains, improved methods, developed mass production. Industrial output has been increased much faster than consumptive demand. For, whereas before the war the industrial plants of the country, in certain important lines, had capacity to produce one-sixth more than the people of America could use, it has been estimated that today existing plants can produce in those lines fifty per cent more than the nation can buy.

And the pressure for even greater productive capacity continues, for there has been an accelerated trend of population from the farm to the city, which, while not reducing farm production, has increased the number of men available for work in industry. Since 1920 over three million people have left the farms. The urban population, exclusive of people living in villages, increased by more than 8,000,000 between 1920 and 1925. These 8,000,000 have increased the pressure for new markets for industrial products. They need employment, but employment for more men cannot be had unless an outlet is found for more goods. High-powered salesmanship has done much to increase domestic demand for the products of industry. But there is a limit to what salesmanship aided by advertising can do. Certainly it cannot dispose of more products than the people can pay for. It can accomplish even less for agriculture than for industry; for the capacity of people to eat food does not have the same elasticity as their ability to wear out automobiles.

Obviously, what industry and agriculture both need is an outlet abroad for surplus products.

IF WE could continue indefinitely to sell to foreign countries more than we buy from them the needs of both industry and agriculture could be met. But certainly we can not. If we are to sell agricultural products abroad we must buy abroad. If we are to sell industrial products abroad we must buy abroad. Hence a new issue has arisen: Shall we sacrifice agriculture in order to create markets for an increased industrial output; or shall industry be limited in its penetration of foreign markets in order to save the American farmer? If neither alternative is adopted can there be a balance of industry and agriculture that would enable each to furnish a market for the other; and can such a balance be secured through a tariff system that would exclude all products that compete with those which we produce at home?

These questions carry so many implications, economic, social and political, that together they present the most nearly fundamental problem before the American people at this time.

That American manufacturers cannot continue to increase their

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sales in foreign countries unless those countries are given opportunity to sell their products here is apparent from some things which are now happening in Latin America. At the Pan-American Conference at Havana, Dr. Honorio Pueyrredon, then Argentine Ambassador to the United States, tried to write into the preamble of the treaty regarding adherence to the Pan-American Union a declaration that the signatory nations were opposed to artificial trade barriers. His effort, which was not successful, undoubtedly reflected opinion in his country. Propaganda in Argentina has for some time sought to organize buyers' strikes against the United States. "Buy from those who buy from us," has been urged as a commercial slogan by organizations in South America. Investigation of the cost of production of flaxseed and corn in Argentina, undertaken by the United States Tariff Commission in order to secure evidence by which it could make scientific determination of the "difference in the cost of production at home and abroad," was frustrated by the Argentine Government which refused permission to experts of the Commission to make such inquiry on the ground.

It is not only Spanish America that is trying to force agricultural products into this country as the price for industrial markets. Our other principal competitors in the agricultural field, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, are making the same effort by increasing the differential against America under the British system of Imperial preferential tariffs. Thus it will be seen that the American farmer has a battle ahead of him if he shall retain his home market in the face of powerful industrial interests bent on increasing their sales in South America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the other food producing countries of the world. His handicap in the impending struggle has been accentuated by the shift of population cityward which has left him only one-fourth of the nation's voting power. That handicap was apparent in the vote on the pending Hawley tariff bill in the House of Representatives, where representation is on the basis of population. The farmer should fare better in the Senate, where the equal representation of the different States may give him an opportunity to check the efforts to increase the disparity between industry and agriculture in the benefits they respectively receive under the present tariff structure.

That there is at present a disparity between the price level in agriculture and that in industry is so generally admitted that it should require no proof. James D. Black, Professor of Economics at Harvard University, recently declared that prices of farm products need to be one-sixth higher than they are now if agriculture is to be on a plane of equity with urban industry. Chester H. Gray of the American Farm Bureau Federation, himself no mean economist, in an analysis of the Hawley bill declared that "The average of all duties on agricultural products in the present act is 25.85 per cent, whereas in the new bill this average rises only to 29.9 per cent, an increase of 4.05 per cent; the average

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of the duties on industrial products in the present act . . . is 42.03 per cent, and in the new bill is 47.07 per cent, an increase of 5.04 per cent." In other words, in a tariff bill designed to relieve agriculture by removing the disparity between it and industry, agriculture gets an increase of 4.05 per cent and industry an increase of 5.04 per cent. Clearly here is manifest a purpose to give the farmer protection with one hand and to take it away from him with the other.

As I write, I have only the House bill to consider. Proposed revisions of it will be reported to the Senate at about the date this article appears. But even then, the final form of the Act will be yet to emerge from debate and conference; and if it is even approximately to satisfy us in the Middle West, it must take into full account such objections as the following which we have for the original Hawley bill.

The objection of the people of the Middle West to the pending bill is not so much that the protection it affords agriculture is inadequate as that the increases which it makes in the industrial schedules are unwarranted. The farmer feels that, instead of increasing industrial schedules, Congress should reduce them unless it is willing to abandon the principle of a competitive tariff and boost agricultural schedules to the industrial level, which would make them monopolistic rather than competitive and necessitate farm tariffs much higher than those contained in the present bill.

It is admitted that increased agricultural rates must always be balanced with compensatory rates on commodities manufactured from agriculture's raw materials. It would not avail to increase the duty on flaxseed, for instance, if the gates were left open to a flood of linseed oil from abroad. It is the duty of the Congress to make such adjustments in schedules of raw materials and finished products as will protect against the importation of either. But there is plenty of evidence to sustain the charge that in the pending Hawley bill increases in the duties on finished goods more than compensate for the increased duties on farm products from which they are made. I would cite the fact that while hides, now on the free list, are given ten per cent protection, the duty on leather boots and shoes, also on the free list at present, is made twenty per cent. Saddlery and harness of the ordinary grades, used almost exclusively on the farm in these days of motor transportation, are to be taxed at fifteen per cent. It must be borne in mind that these rates are on an *ad valorem* basis, and that a twenty per cent increase in boots and shoes far exceeds twice the amount required to compensate for a ten per cent increase in hides; for hides are cheap, shoes are dear. It does not help the farmer, either in his pocketbook or in his state of mind, to get $9,000,000 more for the hides he sells in a year, and learn that those who buy boots, shoes and leather goods will have to pay $80,000,000 a year more for them.

The Middle West can see no justification for the proposed duty on wood shingles, cedar lumber, and birch and maple flooring. Certainly the principle that there should be a

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duty equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad does not justify a tariff on shingles; the Tariff Commission after an exhaustive investigation has found that the cost of producing shingles is higher in Canada than in Washington and Oregon. Nor can the tariff on lumber be justified on other grounds.

THE supply of timber in the Pacific Northwest will be exhausted within twenty-five years at the present rate of depletion. Why hasten the exploitation of this remnant of a once great natural resource when ample supplies can be had from across the Canadian boundary, from a neighbor whose cost of production is higher than our own? There can be no plea that labor in the lumber industry needs protection, because the Canadian lumberjack and mill hand receive as high wages as ours. And it cannot be said that there is relief for agriculture in a measure which will appreciably increase the price of lumber and timber products of which the farmer is one of the heaviest users.

The pending measure would add to present building costs by increasing the duty on other products used in construction. Brick, Portland cement and window glass all get a boost. It has been argued that because of the high cost of transporting cement by railroad a duty on that commodity will not increase the price except at the seaboard. That might be true if there were effective competition in the Portland cement industry. There is, however, a feeling — whether justified or not, I do not presume to say — that the business of manufacturing Portland cement has ceased to be competitive except in restricted areas and in a limited way.

I have shown that sentiment in the agricultural Middle West is opposed to the Hawley bill because it (1) increases the present disparity between agriculture and industry, (2) permits industry to offset higher rates on raw material produced on the farm by increased rates on the finished product that are more than compensatory, and (3) adds to the cost of maintaining farm plants. There is a fourth objection. Except in a few instances, whenever products of the soil enter into the manufacturing industry as raw material they are denied adequate protection. Whatever additional price the farmer shall get for his crops he must collect from the consumer of food, not from the manufacturer. To the farmer this is rather convincing proof that industry is in the saddle in the present House of Representatives — and it is going to be a protected saddle under the new tariff!

CONSIDER casein, a skimmed-milk product used principally in the manufacture of coated paper. The American dairy industry is able to provide all the casein needed for industrial purposes in this country. Despite assertions to the contrary domestic casein is equal in quality to that produced anywhere else in the world. The pleas of the representatives of agriculture failed to bring an increase over the present duty of 2½ cents a pound in casein, although it was clearly proved that an eight cent duty was needed to develop the casein industry. On the other hand, the pleas of the representatives of industry did bring an increase of

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100 per cent in the *ad valorem* duty on articles made from certain compounds of casein.

Consider potato starch, used industrially for sizing and for the manufacture of glue. Its principal competitors are potato starch from Germany and sago and tapioca from Java, the Straits Settlements and Dutch Guiana. Exclusion of these competitive products would make it possible to utilize in the manufacture of starch the potato surpluses which periodically bring distress to farmers in large areas throughout the country. Without adequate protection the potato starch industry has suffered a sharp decline during the last decade. In 1919 domestic production of potato starch was 16,000,000 pounds, imports for consumption 2,000,000 pounds. In 1927 domestic production was 7,000,000 pounds and imports 27,000,000 pounds.

It costs more than $18 to transport a long ton of starch from Minneapolis or St. Paul to Boston. Germany can land her starch in New York for $5.50 a long ton. With a transportation differential of over half a cent a pound against him, the net protection to the Midwestern farmer under the proposed 2½ cents duty will be less than two cents a pound.

A BUSHEL of potatoes will produce eight pounds of starch, worth 28 cents at the Atlantic seaboard. It should be quite obvious that after the cost of converting potatoes into starch and of transporting the starch to the eastern cities has been deducted the farmer has little left to compensate him for his work and investment. But because potato starch and its substitutes are used in industry he must be satisfied with the modest increase from 1¾ cents to 2½ cents a pound in the duty on potato starch, while tapioca and sago will continue to enter without duty. It has been estimated that a duty of 4½ cents a pound on potato starch, tapioca and sago would so reduce importations of these commodities as to give the American farmer a market for 27,000,000 additional bushels of potatoes — equivalent to the average crop on 236,000 acres. It would seem that the slight addition in cost to the envelope and textile industries should not be permitted to stand in the way of utilization of the surplus in this very important branch of agriculture.

AND consider blackstrap, an offal of the sugar industry. A low-grade molasses, unfit for human consumption, it was formerly fed to the sewer. Now it is being converted into industrial alcohol. It is driving corn out of the distilleries and producing a new crop of millionaires. Increasing the duty on blackstrap from the two cents a gallon provided in the bill to the eight cents a gallon demanded by the corn farmer might have deprived Javan and Cuban planters of a market for a formerly valueless by-product; but it would have furnished an additional market to American farmers who live where the tall corn grows. Industrial alcohol can be made out of Mid-western corn as well as out of tropical blackstrap. A Detroit Congressman has discovered that if alcohol were made of corn instead of molasses, it would cost more; and the higher price would cause the cost of making automobiles to be increased thirty cents

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a car. Therefore agriculture must again give way to industry. For unto everyone that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath!

THERE cannot be much criticism of the farm products schedules *per se*. They would go far to improve economic conditions in the Middle West if their beneficial effects were not in part nullified by increases in industrial schedules, and if adequate protection were given against competing substitutes.

It should be borne in mind, however, that in the case of some farm products the benefits of high duties look more impressive on the statute book than in the bank book. The farmer who raises dairy products, poultry products and flax will profit materially from the proposed schedules. So will the man who raises and fattens beef cattle, if the present diminution in the supply of cattle continues. But to the farmer who raises wheat, corn and hogs, the increased duties will probably be of little avail unless the newly created Farm Board shall be able to devise some method to control and dispose of surpluses. Farm leaders in the Middle West have in the past presented two plans for doing this. The Equalization Fee was made the basis of two farm relief bills, passed by the Congress but vetoed by President Coolidge. The Debenture was rejected by the Congress last June. The objection was made in each case that the form of relief proposed involved a subsidizing of agriculture. This objection may have been tenable as to the Debenture, but not as to the Equalization Fee. For whatever administrative difficulties the original McNary-Haugen bill may have presented it cannot be successfully shown that it would have taken a dollar from the taxpayer except, perhaps, for the cost of setting up machinery for its functioning.

I am aware of the fact that Theodore D. Hammatt of the Department of Commerce insists that even although the export bounty were paid by the farmer, "he would be paying nothing that he had not previously extracted from the public through the creation of an artificial domestic price for the portion of the crop purchased by the public for domestic consumption," and that therefore the farmer would in effect be receiving a subsidy. If the maintenance of a system which enables a group to make the public pay a higher price than the international market affords is granting a subsidy, then the protective tariff system is itself the most complete system of subsidy ever established or maintained.

IT HAS been urged that agriculture would fare better if the United States abandoned the protective theory and established free trade as a national policy. It has been contended that it would be better for the farmer to buy and sell in a world market: if he paid less for what he bought he could afford to take less for what he sold. There is no doubt that this thought is beginning to gather strength throughout the Middle West. It has been prompted by propaganda emanating from the captains of mass production, who themselves no longer need tariff protection and who are now concerned

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about finding foreign markets for their surpluses, and from international bankers who have a stake in foreign industries and governments. It has been given new vitality by the conviction that in voting for protection the farmer has been parting with more than he got in return. While it may be true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, it is hard to make a farmer accept the doctrine with all of its implications, political and economic, when his name is on the delinquent tax-list and a notice of foreclosure on his farm is being published in the home town newspaper.

The notion that a lower level of values would be good for agriculture is a fallacy. The farmer will never gain from deflation. For he is a borrower, not a lender. When dollars become dearer the burden of his debts becomes heavier. A lowering of the general price level would inevitably be accompanied by a lowering of land values. And although lower land values theoretically would be a good thing for agriculture they would spell bankruptcy to the individual farmer with a mortgage on his farm. For when land values decline it is the farmer's equity, not the mortgagee's interest, that is absorbed. The adoption of a policy of free trade or anything approaching it would be followed by a transfer of real property that would rock the nation and reduce a majority of the farmers of America to tenantry. That is not what agriculture wants. Agriculture has a stake in the protective system.

And industry has a stake in agriculture. Let it not be beguiled by the lure of enticing foreign markets. It may for a time find them profitable. It may for some years, through mass production methods, be able to compete successfully against Europe, in Canada, Argentina, Australia and other agricultural countries of the world. But sooner or later Europe will learn our tricks. She will organize her industries on an international basis, tear down the walls which now make mass production difficult if not impossible, and challenge us in the fields in which our supremacy is now unquestioned. When that day comes, American industrial leaders will begin to realize that when they yielded to the call of immediate advantage and sacrificed the dependable home market furnished by the American farmer for the opportunity to sell in foreign fields, they sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

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But What *Is* Success?

By The Very Reverend Dean Inge

That one of England's churchmen who is most widely known in America sets up for our materialistic world a few philosophical guideposts

The word "success" is written on the heart of every good American, and floats as an ideal before the minds of most young Englishmen. "Be Christians and you will be successful," exclaimed the head of an American university to his students. It does not sound quite like the Beatitudes; but I dare say it helped the young men who heard it to live cleanly, to shun smuggled wood alcohol, to work hard and render efficient "social service." There are many young people who are the better for being told that success is within their reach. Ambition may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is a splendid spur for the average man. This is why the Americans deliberately try to engender the *superiority* complex.

But what is Success? We know what Samuel Smiles meant by it. The good apprentice comes up to London with half-a-crown in his pocket. By unremitting attention to his humble duties he wins the confidence of his employer, becomes a partner, marries his employer's daughter, and dies a peer and a millionaire. This is success, tangible and uncontrovertible. A Prime Minister is also unquestionably a successful man. A judge, an archbishop, a field-marshal, a "best seller," is admitted to have been successful, in his own line. He would probably, most people suppose, have preferred to be a millionaire or a Prime Minister, if he had known how to do it, but he has played his cards well.

There are no doubt other ways of spending a life, which some people find attractive. But the world does not speak of Success in connection with them. Robert Browning thought that the grammarian, who spent his life over the niceties of Greek syntax, had resolved to win "heaven's success or earth's failure," and that he therefore exclaimed once for all, to achieve a horrible rhyme, "Hence with life's pale lure." I have known several grammarians, and I fear they are simply creatures of habit. They have no visions of unfading crowns; they would merely be miserable if they were separated for a day from their desk and their books.

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Most people would assent to the saying that happiness is "our being's" end and aim; and yet, curiously enough, they do not identify Success with happiness. If they did they would have to revise their standards of Success rather drastically. It has been said that the happy man has the best of reasons for being happy, namely, the fact that he is so. That may be true; but the contented man is severely handicapped in the race of life. He who wants nothing will get nothing. Ambition is occasionally the luxury of the fortunate, but it is more often the consolation of the unhappy. Borrow, in *Lavengro*, would even have us believe that a tendency to mental depression may be a man's best friend. "Thou wouldst be joyous, wouldst thou? Then be a fool. What great work was ever the result of joy, the puny one? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of the earth? The joyous? I believe it not."

THE biographies of the great on the whole confirm Borrow's opinion, though it may be too rhetorically expressed. We generally find that in early life they have been unhappy; not merely impecunious and driven to fight hard for their own hands, but depressed and anxious beyond what the circumstances justified. And often, though not always, they have owned that the happiest period of their lives was the time of their first struggles and quite insignificant successes. Sometimes the big victories have brought only disillusionment. In any event no one could maintain that the successful as a class are conspicuously happy.

Augustine Birrell, in one of the most famous of his *Obiter Dicta* essays, declares that most great men hate their greatness, because it is not of the kind which they most admire. Gray, an exquisitely finished poet and incidentally a College don, would have liked to be a successful general; but he wrote the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and took no Quebec. Wolfe did take Quebec, and while he was doing it was heard to remark that he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy*. Carlyle, whose motto was "Blows, not words," sang the praises of Silence in about thirty-six octavo volumes. I think, however, that Birrell has made an amusing point rather than proved a general truth. Most great men have believed in the work of their choice, whether active or artistic or contemplative.

PUTTING aside the test of happiness, which clearly is no criterion, we find other troublesome questions waiting for an answer.

Why do we say that all's well that ends well? Why is the end of a man's career more important than the beginning? Are we to call a man successful who has spent an extremely strenuous and uncomfortable life in the pursuit of power or place or riches, and who at last gains his object only to have the cup snatched from his lips by death, disablement, or domestic misfortune? Was St. Paul not a successful man, because he was beheaded? Or Napoleon, because he died at St. Helena? Or Raphael and Mozart, because their lives were cut short at thirty-six? The saying, "Call no man successful before he dies," will not work.

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Many men have died rather early, and some rather miserably, after putting to their credit some great achievement for which posterity owns itself in their debt.

The question of posthumous fame as an ingredient in success remains rather difficult. If Wordsworth had died at fifty, he would have received scarcely any recognition in his lifetime; he is now secure on his pedestal. The French Millet had not enough to eat; the English Millais made £30,000 a year. Which is the more successful, the painter of the Angelus or the painter of the very creditable canvases which found so ready a market?

THESE problems, which cannot be solved with any precision, should lead us to look for a less external standard of success than those which we have suggested while following Samuel Smiles, a prophet of whom in these Socialistic days we are becoming ashamed. Success, we shall agree, is something that a man is or becomes, not something that he takes or gets. We are brought back to the old question whether it is better to be or to seem, which Socrates discusses in the first book of Plato's *Republic*. The conclusion of course is that it is better to be just than to be thought so, even if the pretender dies loaded with honors, and the truly just man, after suffering every kind of ill-usage, is crucified. To read that sentence, written in the fourth century before the Christian Era, helps us to understand what Nietzsche meant when he said that Plato was a Christian before Christ. To be successful is to have made a right use of our life; to ask what we have got by it is irrelevant.

This new criterion will make some of Smiles's heroes, and some of the men whom Lloyd George — for a consideration — delighted to honor, look rather foolish. The "self-made" man, as an American said, thereby relieves the Almighty of a very heavy responsibility. His success, on inspection, turns out to have been too dearly bought. Bacon, who was not too scrupulous himself, writes: "The rising unto Place is laborious; And by Paines men come to greater Paines; And it is sometimes base; And by Indignities Men come to Dignities. The standing is slippery, and the Regresse is either a downfall, or at least an Eclipse, which is a Melancholy Thing."

The risk of a fall, however, is not the chief evil. The things that pinch the conscience of the man of the world are his miscalculations and his gaucheries, not his premeditated crookednesses.

BUT even if the conscience is not blunted by ignoble arts, the successful career is often an unjust and anti-social one. How large a part of success consists in choosing a line of work which by some accident is overpaid; in appropriating profits which cannot be said to have been earned; in tripping along unencumbered,while others have to carry the heavy baggage! We can hardly deny that this kind of success is more praised, envied, and sought after than it should be. But this crass kind of success is not good for the character. We can see that even without the warnings in the Gospels. Outside the field of commerce, very much of

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what the world calls success is won by adroitly annexing the credit which belongs to some one else, or which should be shared among many. Socrates's dilemma, to be or to seem, probes very deeply when we examine the foundations of what we usually consider success.

But if success consists in making the most and the best of our natural gifts, how is it compatible with specialization, and who can do anything great without specializing? We may envy the harmoniously developed man, with his numerous interests, but these are not the men to whom the world owes most. It would be delightful to be a Sir John Lubbock, keen about everything from bees to banking, or an Andrew Lang, who could write equally well on golf and on folklore, besides translating Homer. But did not even the greatest of all universal geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, fritter away some of his unrivalled talents by trying too many things and leaving them half finished? My view about specializing is that if the object is mean, selfish, or unworthy, the success won by concentration has to be paid for, and at a high price. But when a man deliberately resolves to limit himself for the sake of some worthy task, the sacrifice is not so great as it appears to be, nor so great as he was willing to make it.

It is a truism that there can be no success without a unitary purpose in life. But most people have none. Men may be divided into those who have a plan for their lives, and those who have none. The plan may be a mean one — enough has been said of this — but those who have no purpose swell the ranks of the unsuccessful. It is less of a truism to add that for those who have an ideal, it is not the attainment of the purpose that marks success. "Everyone may win who tries, for the struggle is the prize." Success, for the man with an ideal, is nothing external which chance may give and chance take away. It is no definite limited achievement which we can enjoy or forget when we have won it. It is a growing and expanding life, which, because it is spiritual in its nature, stretches into infinity, far beyond our knowledge, and even beyond our desire. The beautified spirit, in the words of Photinus, "is always attaining and always aspiring." Or in the more familiar words of St. Paul, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do; forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." There can be no boredom in such a life.

There can be no boredom; but failure is an ingredient in this kind of success. "Our business in this world," wrote Stevenson, "is not to succeed but to continue to fail in good spirits." He suggested for his epitaph, "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much," or "There goes another faithful failure." Browning's development of this thought in *Rabbi ben Ezra* is too well-known to quote. I will transcribe instead a few lines by the schoolmaster-poet, T. E. Brown.

The man that hath great griefs I pity not;
'Tis something to be great

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In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot.

To him the sorrows are the tension—thrills
Of that serene endeavour
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

HAVE I been too homiletic? Then let me in conclusion come back to earth, and ask what is the type of a successful life, not strictly from the religious point of view, but taking a higher and more rational standard than that of Samuel Smiles? Christ, in his encomium of John the Baptist, implied that a great prophet is the greatest of all men born of women. So be it; but the prophet is a man inspired, and the spirit bloweth where it listeth. Next to a great religious genius, what is the most thoroughly satisfying type of success? If we are young enough to choose our line in life, how shall we set about it? First, we must choose some worthy and congenial task, the partial fulfilment of which may be within our reach. "Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle; "let him seek no other blessedness." Then, we must devote ourselves to it, making our work our play, as any noble work may be and ought to be. An excellent example of a life wisely planned is that of a not wholly admirable character, Gibbon the historian. His immortal history was just within the compass of his genius; he had just time to finish it, and he finished it. But even more enviable, it seems to me, are the lives of men like Charles Darwin, Sir Francis Galton, and Pasteur. There is no finality about scientific discovery; the very greatest men, even a Newton and a Darwin, are proved in time not to be infallible. But we have argued that finality is no part of success. The man who has advanced the frontiers of knowledge has done all that a man can do in one life.

MORE insecure and more ephemeral are the achievements of the great "practical" men, the men of action, like Julius Cæsar, Napoleon and Bismarck. Their methods certainly, and their aims probably, are less pure than those of the scientific discoverers and men of learning. The voice of the people would place them far above the students and thinkers; but so would not I. Such men usually take out of the common stock more than they put in, and they cause a great deal of human suffering. The time may come when our perverse fellow men will come to honor their benefactors more than their destroyers, and will think a skilled craftsman more worthy of respect than an Emperor Napoleon, or a "Napoleon of Finance." But this would involve such revolutionary changes in our estimates of success that I shrink from following up the subject any further.

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Passion in Poland

By John Gunther

The first of several short stories by a widely travelled newspaperman who can turn his hand as deftly to romance as to reporting

Last night in Warsaw I went to see a play by Szekspir. The day before I had puzzled about doings of the eminent British politician, Lojd-Dzordz, as reported in the Polish press. Which goes to demonstrate what a dazzling language Polish is. But there is no need for a stranger to worry, because one magnificent word exists, "*prosze-pana*," which means everything. It means "Yes," "No," "Please," "Thank you," "How much?" "You're welcome," "Good morning," "Good night," "Hello," "Good-by," "I'm delighted to meet you," and "Get the hell out of here."

I stepped up to the girl at the information desk in the Polish foreign office.

"*Prosze-pana*," I said.

"*Prosze-pana*," she said.

We talked a bit.

"*Prosze-pana*," I said.

"*Prosze-pana*," she said.

And so on. Meantime I had made it clear I had an appointment, or thought I had one, with Count Podolski. He was in charge of the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office, and was second in command only to the Minister and the *chef-de-cabinet*. This was in 1924, and I was looking for news of Ukrainia. The girl performed miracles of complex phonetics over the phone. Yes, Count Podolski would receive me. I went upstairs.

The Polish Foreign Office is one of the most pleasant in Europe, eccentric, voluble, and extremely informal; housed in a pleasant colonnaded mansion like a Virginia manor-house and peopled with amusing folk, high and low, all of whom seemed to call everyone else by affectionate first names. The information girl's name was Tanya. I discovered that right away and perhaps dropped by at her desk to say "*prosze-pana*" just a little more often than was necessary. Until I found out.

She was a warm creature. That was the first thing one felt about her. She irradiated her end of the room. No one ever passed her without smiling and she always smiled back. And everyone put up his very best front before her; the testy old *chef-de-protocole* always masked his irritation at the world when he stood by her desk,

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the somnolent chief of the press department tried vainly to be gay. Tanya was about thirty-two, I should say; very broad-faced and dark in the Polish manner; with very large, moist, rather hurt brown eyes; and with a certain trustfulness, a simplicity, in her expression. One felt that she was a simple creature, that she believed in things. Which made it all the more a pity that when the other clerks and officials were away from her, talking about her, they lowered their voices sadly and significantly; and once I heard Merojovski, the press *attaché*, say several times, "Poor girl . . . poor girl!"

Tanya knew some French, and even a little English. But we always made great game of "*Prosze-pana.*"

COUNT PODOLSKI was a typical enough specimen of the extremely aristocratic Pole. He had a slim, sensitive face and fingers about six inches long. Very black hair and high-bridged nose. Immensely wealthy. Educated at Oxford. In politics because a man of his position had inevitably to enter politics. Descended from feudal landowners whose great estates near the Russian border had been intact for three hundred years.

"Great goodness!" I exclaimed to Podolski. "How on earth did he manage it?"

"By passion," Podolski said.

He had just told me the story of how his great-great-great-grandfather had come by those estates.

"We Poles," Podolski said, "are nurtured on desire."

Many Poles whom I met illustrated this phase of national character, this intense passion to get a thing, and getting it, to keep it. I suppose it is a personal reflection of the intense nationalism of Poland as a country. For over one hundred years Poland did not exist, save in the imagination of Poles. This developed a sort of Messiah-complex. Most of the intelligent Poles I came to know possessed an intense will-to-do in their character, and if necessary an intense will-to-sacrifice — induced, I should imagine, by the partition, struggle, and eventual recovery of their country.

I left the Foreign Office in Podolski's company one hard, bright October morning.

He bowed ever so slightly to Tanya at the information desk and she inclined her head in return, barely perceptibly.

I thought this was strange, because everyone else in that charming organization was so friendly.

I asked my friend Merojovski about it.

"Didn't you know?" Poles are usually pretty frank about their own affairs. "She's his wife."

"Not really!"

"His wife, that is," Merojovski reconsidered, "in a manner of speaking."

I listened to the story.

DURING the war and revolution Tanya had played a gallant part. She was a member of the Polish Independence Society and once, in fact, had been sentenced to Siberia. No one seemed to know much about her origin, except that obviously she was a middle-class girl of no family or education. But she was decent and intelligent. She met Podolski at a partisan meeting, in the

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last days of the war, and fell passionately in love with him.

Some people, in the period that followed, said that she was unbalanced; but Merojovski doubted this. It was, he said, merely one of several possible inferences.

PODOLSKI, meanwhile, setting out on a political career in re-born Poland, found a hostess necessary. His old father was a strong supporter of this necessity and looked about him for a wife. A girl was found, a French girl; she was, Merojovski told me, a pale, brittle, intensely cultivated young woman of the Grammont family; a woman of some wealth, though not so wealthy as the fabulous Podolskis, and an aristocrat to her slim finger tips. The match was considered satisfactory. An imposing wedding was arranged.

The ceremony proceeded in a crowded church to the point where the bride is asked, "Do you take this man as your lawful wedded husband?"

At that moment one of the greatest sensations in the history of Polish society occurred, for a woman in the first rank of the congregation reached forward, slipped, and fell; and as she fainted, cried out "I do!"

It was Tanya.

There was a dreadful scene. The ceremony had to be interrupted. Young Podolski broke down and the icy, glittering French bride was the only person in the church to retain composure. But Tanya was led outside the hall, the ceremony was resumed; and Podolski and his bride departed hastily for the remote, ancestral estates.

That, Merojovski told me, was really all there was to the story. Tanya considered herself Podolski's wife. But there was nothing she could do about it. Nor he. The Countess Podolski divided her time between the estate and her home in Paris, which she visited every season; and rather seldom came to Warsaw. Podolski stuck to his work and rose rapidly (what with his family, he was bound to do) in the Foreign Office. Tanya's services in the revolution had been important in a small way and after a period of obscure retirement at her home in Vilna she came again to the capital and was given some sort of job. She learned a couple of languages and for a time was a translator in the Ministry of Education. She often said life was dull, now that war and revolution were over. She was understood, I heard it said, to have had the favor of Marshal Pilsudski. Anyway, in her quiet, rich, trustful way, she became somewhat of a minor figure in the eccentric, informal, quickly coursing flood of Polish official society. People forgot. After a couple of years she got her present job in the Foreign Office.

Apparently she and Podolski never spoke. The strange wedding was an unmentioned subject.

I BECAME fairly friendly with Podolski and benefited once by the hospitality of aristocratic Poles.

He invited me to his house one week-end and I was more than happy to accept, because these great Polish estates are unique in Europe. We left Warsaw by motor car and drove almost all of a day: during which day we did not see more than three automobiles, more than five miles of well-paved road, more than half-a-dozen

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straight-standing fences, or a single high-tension wire system. It was all peasants and poverty. Thus the estate itself became unusual with more than ordinary clarity.

We disembarked from the great car and two servants knelt by the side of the road. Podolski was, I thought, a little uncomfortable at this attention, and also when they knelt a second time, to kiss his hands. Podolski was an awfully decent fellow. The servants would have kissed my hands, too, I was told, to honor the guest of their master, except that Podolski, knowing I was an American, unused to such refinements, motioned them aside. There were peasants in the vicinity, he told me later, who were so primitive they did not know how to use a staircase.

I met Podolski's father. A formidable old Pasha! Yet for his son he had an affection obviously of the tenderest.

I met his wife. Marie de Grammont Podolski was a wax-like girl, lovely enough in a cool, impersonal way. Of her affection for her husband I was not so certain.

The old man beat the peasants and the servants and (I was sure) they adored him. Marie kept away from them as if they might taint her hands, treating them at the same time with excessive politeness; and they hated her.

The house was monstrous. The lawn was like a green lake. The dining room walls were of parchment. At dinner every guest, and there were a dozen of them, had a servant at rigid attention just behind the chair. There was a full-fledged orchestra and a library containing, it seemed, every book in creation. At night a servant stood motionless outside each sleeper's door.

"And your opinions of Poland?" the Countess Podolski asked me after luncheon the next day. "Might I ask, what are your impressions?"

"Mostly, Poland puzzles me," I said.

"You feel you understand very little about it?"

"Very little, I'm afraid."

"I have been here three years, monsieur," she said, "and I understand nothing about it."

The old Count looked grim but satisfied. Young Podolski wore a becoming negligence, as when one's wife talks to strangers to be polite.

Back in Warsaw, I took Tanya out to lunch at the amazing little restaurant shaped like an aquarium near the railway station; the service was rotten and the meal for two of us cost something under twenty *zloty;* and it was one of the jolliest lunches I ever had. "*Prosze-pana!*" she waved in farewell. "*Prosze-pana!*"

I did not see Warsaw again for almost three years. Then, on the way to Paris from Moscow, I stopped between trains. I had some minor business at the Foreign Office; it always interests the Poles to talk to someone coming out of Russia; but I knew secretly that it was not politics that had prompted me to the laborious, red-taped change of trains. I wanted to see Tanya. I was disappointed. She was not there.

"Ah!" My friend Merojovski explained. "But did you not know! I thought everyone knew! She has married him! Yes! Only six weeks ago the ceremony! They are living in

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a small flat in town; she is his secretary, too, and does much of his work at home. Yes!"

I asked how it had come about.

Count Podolski had been offered an ambassadorship, it appeared; the highest thing he could reach in his career. And he had refused it. Unaccountably. He himself, Merojovski ventured, probably did not realize, making the refusal, that it was because he could not bear to live in Tokyo, and probably never see Tanya again. (Even if, in the curious way of Poles, they had not said a word to each other in Warsaw!) But once realizing this, Podolski acted. His wife was stupefied by the refusal of the embassy and made the divorce easy enough to procure.

"Yes! An amazing outcome!" Merojovksi smiled, almost ruefully. "We Poles. . . !"

The old Count had remained alone on the estate. The wedding had been a very quiet one — this time.

Next month, another unique tale by the same author
A Macedonian Robin Hood,
arresting adventures in search of a youthful patriot who led a Balkan revolt.

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Shall We Scrap the Constitution?

By David L. Fultz

Courtlandt Nicholl's attack upon the Eighteenth Amendment draws a spirited reply from another prominent lawyer who defends Prohibition as a social and moral bulwark

Not many weeks ago in Brooklyn, a young woman was brutally stabbed to death by a chance acquaintance whom she had invited to her home. When arrested the man could remember nothing of the occurrence. Later the District Attorney's office stated that the man not only had no motive for his crime, but that he had no criminal tendencies, that his prior record had been clean, and that his act was due solely to his drunken condition at the time.

Recently a man and woman were leaving an apartment house on Park Avenue, New York City, in the early morning. As they were about to enter a taxicab they were approached by an intoxicated man. Some reports said that the three had attended the same function and were all in a like condition, others were to the contrary. At any rate an altercation ensued, the aggressor was thrown or fell to the sidewalk, his skull was fractured and he died shortly after.

In a pent house in New York City recently a man and woman, prominent in their profession, were found shot to death. The newspapers reported "Suicide pact due to alcoholic depression."

In the June issue of The North American Review, there appeared an article by Courtlandt Nicoll of the New York Bar entitled *The Farce of Enforcement*, written in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and to the enforcement acts. The author bases his case upon the alleged facts that there is a higher law than the Constitution; that this law is a question for each individual's determination; that if a man who is aggrieved by a law can violate it conscientiously, and in a manner which does no harm to his neighbor, he is justified in considering it an unwarranted encroachment upon his personal liberty and in disregarding it. He then proceeds with the contention that

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the bootlegger, while admittedly violating the law, has, by the "common experience of mankind . . . done nothing wrong or dangerous to others" and, if he has acted conscientiously, is entirely justified.

Mr. Nicoll's article has been widely reprinted and has been hailed by anti-Prohibitionists as setting forth very clearly an entire school of opinion in opposition to Prohibition and as being one of the best statements yet made of their case. A reply would therefore, seem to be in order.

Before discussing the historical incidents adduced in support of a man's right to set his conscience above the law, it might be well to learn if the statement of what the "common experience of mankind" has been is correct.

THE tragedies above referred to, familiar to us all, are merely the most recent of a continuous succession of newspaper accounts of such occurrences, all due to the effect intoxicants have upon the human brain. In addition there are thousands of lesser tragedies due to the same cause, men ruined in their careers, wives and children deserted, poverty, disease and accidents of various kinds often resulting in death. Can it be possible to discuss the drink habit without taking into consideration these occurrences? If so, under what heading should they come?

It is so well recognized that an intemperate man is a menace to society that the law and industrial regulations throw inhibitions around him which seriously restrict his freedom of action. For instance, by the laws of New York, an intoxicated man who appears in public may be arrested; a common carrier which knowingly employs a man who uses liquor intemperately commits a crime; no person "addicted to the use of spirituous liquors" shall be employed to drive a passenger vehicle; any person who operates a motor vehicle while in an intoxicated condition commits a crime and may have his license revoked; any operative of a common carrier who is intoxicated while on duty commits a crime.

IN JUNE, 1917, the American Medical Association passed a resolution opposing the use of alcohol as a beverage and discouraging its use as a therapeutic agent. A vast majority of our industrial leaders are strongly in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Among them are Edison, Ford, Penney, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.; and Judge Gary was before his death. In the gigantic organizations headed by some of these men no one who drinks will be employed.

In all our railroad systems there is a regulation commonly known as Rule G condemning the use of intoxicants as dangerous to life and property. We quote the rule enforced by one of the large railroads running into New York City:

> The use of intoxicating beverages while on duty is prohibited. The use of intoxicating beverages or the frequenting of places where they are sold while off duty will be cause for dismissal.

It should be noticed that not only is intoxication prohibited, but also the *use* of intoxicants. It should also be noticed that moral consid-

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erations had no part in formulating this policy. The rules were made by practical business men who learned from long experience and careful study that the use of intoxicants not only impairs men's efficiency, but renders them unfit to be trusted in positions where the safety of life or property is at stake.

IF, THEN, the use of liquor has caused such tragedies as the ones referred to and has made it necessary for those in responsible places to pass such regulations, how can it be said, with any semblance of correctness, that the "common experience of mankind" is to the effect that the bootlegger who has contributed to these tragedies and has made it possible for men to run afoul of these regulations has "done nothing wrong or dangerous to others." It seems to us that the "common experience of mankind" has been to the exact contrary.

As a further evidence of what the "common experience of mankind" has been, the following facts are eloquent. At the time the Amendment was submitted, thirty of the States were already dry and a majority of the counties in the other States had local option. Three hundred and twenty-seven Congressmen voted to submit the Amendment to the States for ratification, while only 148 opposed. Parenthetically Congress is dryer today than it was even then. In the State Legislatures 5,079 votes favored ratification and only 1,265 opposed. Notwithstanding that the States had seven years within which to ratify the Amendment the requisite number, thirty-six, ratified within a year and twenty-two days. This Amendment was the most popular ever enacted. Three of the then fourteen States did not ratify the Bill of Rights; three States out of thirty-six then existing did not ratify the anti-slavery Amendment; eleven States have not yet ratified the woman suffrage Amendment, but only two states, Connecticut and Rhode Island, failed to ratify the prohibition Amendment. Surely there is no comfort in these figures for those who contend that "the common experience of mankind" proves that the liquor habit is harmless.

DOUBTLESS it will be contended that *The Farce of Enforcement* was not written as a defense of drunkenness but only of the moderate use of intoxicants. That is no answer. If the moderate use of intoxicants had not, in a large proportion of cases, led to drunkenness, there would be no Eighteenth Amendment. Men can drink without getting drunk, but they often *don't*, and we are dealing with what *is* and not what *can be*. From the shame of Lot to the present time strong drink by its effect upon man's reason and judgment has been one of the harmful forces in shaping the destiny of this world. We may ignore the fact but we do not thus eliminate it, and any argument which disregards it is foredoomed to a wrong conclusion.

If then the argument against prohibition is based upon the distinction between the moderate drinker and the man who gets drunk, our reply is that the line of demarcation is too shadowy to support

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a right as vital as the right to violate the Constitution.

Mr. Nicoll, after asserting the innocuous nature of the drink habit, his main point, (but without giving us facts to enable us to reconcile his statement with our own observation) proceeds with the argument that because of its harmless nature men are justified in violating laws against the drink habit, just as the early Christians were justified in violating laws against Christianity, or the Abolitionists in violating the Fugitive Slave Law or our forefathers in violating the laws of Great Britain.

The argument is a clever one and has doubtless appealed to many readers. It is only superficially so, however; when logically analyzed the two situations present so few points of similarity as to rob the analogy of all force.

THE plight of the Roman Empire, as evidenced by the lament of Pliny, the Governor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, over his inability to enforce the edict against Christianity, is advanced by Mr. Nicoll as justification for one's violation of a law of which one does not conscientiously approve.

But why stop with the early Christians, since it is upon the right to oppose unwise law that the argument is based? Jesus Christ in His denunciation and violation of the temporal laws of the Jewish Rulers was the most outstanding opponent of whom we have any record of certain laws in the making of which the governed had no voice. And it was His scathing arraignment of the "traditions of the elders" which did much to bring about His crucifixion. Here is another good argument along the same line, so it seems only fair that it be included.

The rebellion of our forefathers against the laws of Great Britain is also cited as justifying the violation of laws believed to be oppressive.

THREE children, upon one occasion, were about to engage in play. A dispute arose over the rules of the game and they wisely agreed to submit the questions to a vote and to be governed by the will of the majority. Later one of them, aggrieved by a rule thus made, insisted upon violating it and the game came to an end. Three other children also engaged in play. One, more dominant than the others, obtruded his will upon them and insisted upon their playing the game his way. Finally one of these children, also aggrieved by a rule, refused to play and this game likewise came to an end. It is elementary that the first of these dissenting children was wrong and that the second was right.

Bithynia was a province of Asia Minor, a vassal dependency of the Roman Empire. The Bithynians had no more to do with making the laws under which they lived than we had with making the Stamp Act. For that matter the Romans themselves, at that period, had no voice in the government. The Republic had fallen one hundred and fifty years before, in the reign of Julius Cæsar. To such a low ebb had the rights of the people sunk that Bithynia had been devised by Cæsar in his will to one of his

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satellites, Cimber. The government at the time of the incident was an absolute monarchy. People were looked upon as so many chattels. Both their property and their lives were subject to the whims of their Emperors. And, incidentally, it may be said that these Emperors, with only a few exceptions, were addicted to the very habit which in moderation Mr. Nicoll is attempting to justify, but which in their cases caused theft, arson, murder, rape and every other form of vice and crime.

Now let us ask if a single reason can be discovered, other than fear, why the Christians or anyone else should have obeyed these laws.

THE distinction in principle between these historical laws and the Eighteenth Amendment is so obvious to every student of American institutions as to make one wonder why Mr. Nicoll, himself a trained legislator, could even think these incidents would help his case.

We have, according to the author's logic, parallels. The laws against the early Christians, Great Britain's laws imposed upon the American Colonies, the Fugitive Slave Law, the laws of the Jewish hierarchy, and the Eighteenth Amendment are all put in the same class. That being the case, we conclude, the violators of those laws should also be classed together. Surely this is fair enough! We have then, according to the same logic, another category. The early Christians, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Abolitionists and — we say it very reverently — Jesus Christ and the bootlegger. It requires only one glance to know that there is something wrong with our parallels, and at the second glance we see that the flaw lies in the fact that the author has put the Eighteenth Amendment and the bootlegger in the wrong pew.

AS IS intimated, there have been crises in the march of human events when men, by violating law, have seemingly made wonderful contributions to civilization; but in addition to the fact that in most instances these men have had no part in the making of the laws they have violated there is another and equally vital distinction between their situation and that of the bootlegger. These have been men who have burned with a holy zeal, men who have seen a glorious vision, men who have been transfixed with a righteous purpose, men who have pondered deep upon the immutable laws of the Creator. It is fair then to ask at what great moral or spiritual uplift the bootlegger is aiming that would furnish him immunity in violating the Constitution and give him sanctuary with the immortals.

In justifying the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State is quoted with approval as saying, "There is a higher law than the Constitution." Mr. Nicoll is right, there *is* a higher law than the Constitution — just one; the relation of a man to his God, and it was this law that Mr. Seward evidently had in mind. But, unfortunately, this doesn't help the bootlegger any as this is a law the nature and operation of which is beyond his comprehension. Wisely

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the Constitution has never sought to regulate or even advise men in this relation. It does not even operate in this realm. But in the realm in which it does operate there is and can be no higher law. We somehow prefer the words of Daniel Webster, of which the author disapproves; "No man has the right to set up, or affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law."

There is a vast distinction between these two realms, a distinction which was clarified 1900 years ago in ringing terms:

"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

BUT, apparently, this distinction has not even today been universally accepted. Were there a conflict between the Constitution and a man's religion, he would have an inalienable right to obey his conscience, but fortunately there is no such conflict and he does not as regards the Eighteenth Amendment have to make this choice. To say, however, that every individual has a right to test every law by his own conscience is to scrap democratic government and to return to the law of the bushwhacker. If we have reached this stage, we might as well put the flag in storage and go back to the jungle. Think of telling the bootlegger to play that puny flicker which he is pleased to call a conscience upon the Constitution and then decide whether or not he will obey it!

However, let no one think that conscience has no part in the making or observing of law. On the contrary, it is the underlying motive of all our laws. It is the very soul of our Constitution. But it is the collective conscience of the American people and not the conscience of the individual that has been written into the Constitution.

A FEW weeks ago Professor Macintosh of Yale was refused citizenship because he insisted upon selecting the wars in which he would support the United States. Think of the plight in which this country would be if each individual had the right to determine the justice of an impending war! And men have no more right to select the laws which they will obey than they have to select the wars in which they will fight.

Shortly after the Jones Act was passed Mr. Nicoll formed an organization of attorneys to defend bootleggers guilty of violating the amendment. To be absolutely fair, we quote his own reference to the project:

> When a man who, in violating the law, has done no wrong, inflicted no injury on another, cannot pay a lawyer to defend himself, we supply one for him without charge. . . .

The reader will notice that the avowed purpose of this organization is, not to see that no innocent person is convicted under this law, but to aid those, *admittedly guilty, to defeat it.* This can be done in one of only two ways: namely, by deceiving the jury, or by causing it to violate its oath. By no legerdemain of logic can there be any other means of acquittal. It is perfectly fair then to ask that these gentlemen make an election and let the public know by which of

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these methods they propose to purge their clients.

The organization furnishes gratuitous services for those unable to employ counsel. Here is a strange thing! We have always heard the Amendment maligned because it made it possible for a disreputable lot of men to make fabulous sums of money; now we find they are in need of charity. However, we doubt that this declaration of purpose has fooled many people. It will be remembered that the organization was formed coincidently with the passage of the Jones Act, long before it could possibly appear that anyone had been misused by the law on account of his inability to procure counsel. The motive behind it was in no sense altruistic. This organization was formed because its members are bitterly opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, and this sob stuff over the fact that the bootlegger might not be able to keep the wolf out of the garage may be considered just a bit of window-dressing.

THE article contends that in furnishing legal talent the organization is not proceeding against the Constitution but according to the provision which guarantees counsel to every alleged criminal. It is true the Constitution does give this guaranty; not, however, as an encouragement to crime as does this organization, but because the law in its benignity is zealous that whatever rights even an alleged criminal may have, shall be protected. The Constitution says to the alleged criminal, we will give you every opportunity to prove your innocence. The organization of which Mr. Nicoll is a member says, although you are guilty you have committed no wrong in our estimation and we will give you our moral as well as our legal support to the end that you may be freed and may continue in your practices.

Can anyone doubt that such a declaration has had a heartening effect upon the bootlegging fraternity and, wherever it has been taken seriously, has lent encouragement to crime and lawlessness?

HERETOFORE the furnishing of counsel to indigent defendants has been a function of our Courts. It was intended so to be by the Constitution. Now it is to become a function of groups of men opposed to laws. Next we will have organizations for the protection of those who violate the Customs Law, the Drug Law, the Income Tax Law, the Sullivan Law or the law against salacious plays, all of which laws are commonly violated and are regarded by some people as breaches of personal liberty. This is a most iniquitous precedent and, it is safe to say, if the practice gain any headway the law will step in and with a hard hand compel this legal talent to exert itself in more worthy fields. Strange as it may seem, every member of this organization when he was admitted to practice stood with right hand uplifted and said, "I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States . . . to the best of my ability." By what circumlocution does he now justify himself in fighting against the Constitution?

We venerate the flag but violate

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the Constitution! Surely patriotism has fled from our hearts and taken refuge on our lips!

The author finds fault with the Government's method of detecting law violations and stands aghast that the undercover men should conceal their identity from their quarry. We sympathize in this viewpoint and wish there were some other way of handling the situation. Stool pigeons, however, have been used as long as there have been criminal laws, the practice has become general and is in no sense an innovation of prohibition enforcement. It is unfortunate but there seems to be no alternative. Many of the bootleggers are of the lowest type morally, have no respect for law or any human virtue, and are adepts at deception. You cannot apprehend such men by chanting the *nunc dimittis* at them; you must talk in the language they understand. And any enforcement agent who goes hunting them with horn and pack will return empty handed.

In City Hall Park in New York City there is a monument erected to commemorate the valorous deed of a young officer in the Continental Army. On the night of September 22, 1776, this young officer, scarce twenty-one years of age, disguised as a British soldier, passed through General Howe's lines to learn the strength of the enemy. He was detected, captured and was hanged in the early morning; but what boy's soul has not thrilled at the last words of Captain Nathan Hale uttered as he stood ready to pay the penalty of a spy? Surely no one has ever dreamed of censuring him for the deception practised on that fateful night! It is not the deception which tests the worth of a man's act, but the motive which lies behind the deception. By every law of morality, justice and common sense, therefore, the man who induces the criminal to violate the law that he may be detected and the law enforced, is far less culpable than the man who induces the criminal to violate the law for his own selfish purposes.

Mr. Nicoll expresses "confidence" that juries will not convict under the Jones Act and then makes a most astounding statement: "A fundamental part of the judicial system, the jury, is a law unto itself, and gives expression to the opinion of the average man on what is right and what is wrong."

He is evidently confusing the jury with the legislature. The jury has no concern whatsoever with whether an act is right or wrong; that is a question solely for the legislative body. The jury's province is to determine whether or not the act was committed and in some cases the intent with which it was committed, but with its moral nature the jury has nothing to do. This is so well known as not to be debatable.

Then why this abiding "confidence" that juries will not convict? "Confidence" in what? That juries will don a cloak of gullibility and stultify themselves, or that they will violate their oaths?

In the final analysis, the liquor traffic has been outlawed. It has been tried and condemned. This was not an accomplishment of hysterical reformers temporarily in the saddle; since 1685, when Connecticut for-

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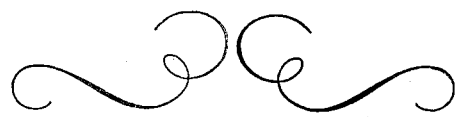
bade the sale of rum to the Indians, many of the best people in the land have made prohibition their life's work.

The liquor interests have contested every inch of the way and it was their stubborn resistance to war-time prohibition which precipitated the Eighteenth Amendment. They are still fighting and have enlisted with them many otherwise estimable people who, on account of their access to things cultural and educational, would do themselves more credit were they found on the other side.

Mr. Nicoll is grievously mistaken when he predicts an early demise of the efforts at enforcement. He little realizes the temper of the American people and their unalterable determination to hold fast to that which has been gained by bitter struggle and turmoil of soul. This opposition to the law, at least by those not financially interested, is due in part to thoughtlessness and in part to the fact that they like their liquor and are unwilling to subordinate their desires to their patriotism. We should, however, be recreant to our deepest convictions did we not believe that in the not far distant future, these people will come to the realization that law violation is law violation, embellish it as we may, and that he who, to satisfy his own desires, procures another to violate the law, is morally by far the more guilty of the two.

Prohibition must triumph eventually; it is a righteous cause and we are old-fashioned enough still to believe that truth will prevail. It is not the work of a day or a year; there are many bitter and discouraging fights ahead, but some day we shall understand that the true patriot observes not only those laws which please him, but also those which hurt; some day we shall realize that in discriminating between laws we are tampering with our moral fibre, and then the best in us will assert itself, we shall regain our wonted respect for law and shall decide to obey all law because it is the law.

When that time comes, we shall look back upon the day when men wasted their substance, beclouded their brain and devitalized their judgment by the use of intoxicants as a relic of barbarism, and unitedly we shall stand in holding inviolate the Constitution of our Country.



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Let's Export Prosperity!

By Benjamin A. Javits

How can increasing foreign trade, greater prosperity, and world peace be realized better than by establishing American standards of living abroad?

Scratch a political concept and you uncover an economic fact. Thus the principle of "no taxation without representation" and the idea that "all men are created equal" were sublimations of the real cause of the American Revolution, which was the determination of a vigorous and confident people to smelt their own iron, build their own ships and trade freely with all nations, despite the laws dictated by British mercantile interests prohibiting these things.

To such realities also we must look for an explanation of America's supposed isolation, which some deplore while others proclaim it an unchangeable principle of national policy. As well deplore the Atlantic Ocean or the change of the seasons. For our "splendid isolation" (to use the English phrase) has been only superficially a political concept. It was long rooted in economic facts — but those facts are rapidly changing.

"Splendid isolation" of course merely meant that the American people were principally busy acquiring economic mastery of the natural resources which they found in their possession or accessible to them. A century and a half has not been too long for the job; and, despite criminal and appalling waste, it has been well done. Moreover, since there has been on the one hand a shortage of labor for so huge a task, but on the other hand a spirit of enterprise and experimentation fostered by equality of opportunity, we have surpassed all other peoples in the invention of mechanical substitutes for human labor and in mastery of the machine. So we have come to lead the world in productive power, and somewhat to our own amazement find ourselves today the wealthiest of nations.

We have achieved this eminence not exactly by taking in each other's wash, like the islanders in the story, but certainly by finding our chief market at home and being our own best customers. Our foreign commerce has never accounted for more than a small fraction of our total production. In 1928 we sold over $5,129,000,000 worth of goods abroad; but we sold to and bought from ourselves a good deal more than ten times as much. Signs are accu-

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mulating, however, that this idyllic state of self-sufficiency may have its limits.

It is not wise, of course, to speak of saturation points. Four or five years ago, when the output of General Motors was only half what it is today, men in that very organization thought the limit had been reached. Two or three years ago the steel industry was supposed to be over-expanded, but this spring the Corporation and many of the independents operated at more than one hundred per cent of rated capacity. On Park Row in New York there is a building which has fallen to such low estate that it was a pawn in the fraudulent operations of a petty bank-wrecker. Yet thirty years ago it was one of the tallest buildings in the city; today a score of structures twice as tall are flung up every year in New York alone, and scarcely a State in the Union lacks buildings that dwarf it. Anyone who travels knows that great areas in every leading city of the nation await rebuilding; and an active construction programme alone is sufficient to keep the wheels humming, the forges glowing and the money circulating throughout most of the land. Rash guesses about the saturation point have turned many a prophet's mantle into a fool's motley, and I have no desire to be another example.

NEVERTHELESS, dubious clouds are discerned on the horizon by many eyes beside mine. The fact is that the very thing which is giving us our amazing prosperity threatens to dig pits and build snares for that prosperity. In other words, our unparallelled production efficiency, which has hitherto almost magically created an accompanying consumption capacity among our own people, may yet outrun that consumption capacity. Let us examine briefly the main facts of the situation.

OUR present national affluence is rooted in three main causes. First of all is the high wage principle. It is not so long since American capital still adhered to the theory, as old as the industrial revolution itself, that one of the chief ways of garnering big profits was to pay labor the lowest wages it could be compelled to accept. The American worker — psychologically liberated from the lower-class consciousness which held the workers of the Old World in its grip, determined that equal opportunity should be more than a political shibboleth, and having always the alternative of moving West with the growing country — resisted low wages more doggedly than the workers of other lands. Call it Providence or what you will, but beneficent ideas do have a way of coming to birth in their good time and place.

It was the uncanny economic insight of Henry Ford which first indicated the way out of the age-old wage conflict. Instead of the lowest possible wages, pay the highest possible wages! Fortunately it did not take long for other able industrial leaders of America to grasp the soundness of this revolutionary idea, for it is sound — it works!

The high wage theory is based on the simple truism that in order to sell goods — which is necessary if you are to keep on making them — you must have purchasers; and if you are to make and sell in constantly in-

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creasing quantities there must be a constant increase of purchasing power on the part of the consumer. Since the great majority of the consuming public are wage earners, it is only by increasing their wages that their purchasing power can be increased. And from every wage increase flow two important results: an enhanced efficiency — growing out of greater contentment — and a higher standard of living which results in a widened demand for goods.

THE second root of our present prosperity is the instalment or deferred payment system. Three or four years ago this was still a matter for shaking of heads among conservative economists, but today its economic validity is established; whether theoretically sound or unsound, it too "has worked!" As I pointed out in my book, *Make Everybody Rich*, the deferred payment plan is a logical development of the credit principle. Hitherto credit was in the main reserved for capital already accumulated, property already owned and goods already made. Now we recognize the worker's capacity to produce goods and wealth as a proper credit basis; put another way, we extend credit to the worker on his potential earning and purchasing power. This simple extension of the credit principle has not merely increased, it has multiplied our national consumption capacity; it has accelerated the attainment of higher standards of living; it has its reflex in the greater efficiency of workers who enjoy life and therefore tackle their jobs willingly instead of grudgingly.

And the third reason for our era of plenty is that while giving the worker higher wages and a more abundant life, we have found ways of speeding up and increasing his production beyond anything heretofore imagined anywhere in the world. We have done this mainly in three ways: by indefatigably inventing labor-saving machinery; by discovering simple methods of mass-production; and by harnessing electricity to every conceivable phase of the productive processes. It is fair to say that these achievements are distinctively American. They are material projections of our pioneering courage, our habit of original thought, our eagerness to press into the future rather than hold too tightly to the past. Other nations are privy to scientific technique as we are, yet American inventions outnumber those of all other nations. The principles of mass production are as simple as two times two equal four, but it remained for Henry Ford and other Americans to apply them. Other nations possess waterpower, coal and oil, but only we have grasped the concept of using these to produce electricity in such volume as will make it the universal worker and servant.

THUS the last few years have seen us whirling ahead on an ascending spiral — increased production, plus high wages, creating increased consumption and greater demand, these in turn calling for still greater production, and so merrily onward. The danger is that the ascending spiral may become a closed circle, with production and consumption finding themselves presently in the position of the serpents which tried simultaneously to swallow each other.

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Already, to change the metaphor, production is treading very close upon the heels of consumption. There is more unemployment in the land than we generally realize. We are distinctly aware of the peculiar phenomenon of "profitless prosperity." Commodity prices have been working steadily lower for several years and are still falling. An increasing number of smaller merchants and manufacturers find that the most assiduous devotion to business brings them little or nothing beyond day wages and interest on their investment. The rising tide of mergers and consolidations, which is so exigent that it flows around all legal obstacles, is due only in part to the positive urge toward greater efficiency; in many instances it means that even big corporations can keep ahead of "profitless prosperity" only by reducing competition and getting down to bedrock economy. Such being the trend of things, it is natural that American industry has begun to look toward alien markets, and to think of export trade more urgently than it has ever done before.

At first glance the prospect appears exceedingly bright and promising. Not only are there millions of people in all the continents without automobiles; there are tens of millions still without shoes! We are neither unduly self-complacent nor immodestly boastful if, in comparing the standards of material living in this and other lands, we call our own superior. Life here is cleaner, more comfortable, more replete with material satisfactions. We will therefore do other peoples a service if we make and sell them the thousand and one things which we have and they lack. Let us go to it, then, till American shoes tread the desert and the Arctic wastes, American automobiles climb Alps and Apennines, American bathtubs grace the cottages of English laborer and French peasant, and American radios wake echoes in the Black Forest, the Andalusian hills and the steppes of Russia! Let us even sell American cutlery in Sheffield, American cotton goods in Birmingham, American rayon in Tokio, American pottery in Sèvres and Dresden and Copenhagen — for surely our command of machinery and of mass production should enable us to undersell the foreign competitor at his very doorstep.

But now we come upon the difficulties. For one thing, foreign competitors in a good many lines can continue to undersell us just as long as they can command abundant labor at wages that would seem a slave's pittance to the American worker. And so long as great masses of laborers continue to slave for such pittances, they will have no money to buy our shoes and motorcars, our bathtubs and radios. This brings us suddenly up against the thought that perhaps the time has come when the whole world needs to be drawn into a closer economic unity. And that idea looms larger when we turn to the second difficulty in the way of American conquest of foreign markets, namely the current threats of tariff reprisals.

The American protective tariff system, with its inevitable result of higher prices to our own people offsetting increased returns to our manufacturers, bears some analogy to

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the process of hoisting ourselves by our own bootstraps, but it has, undeniably, worked. Now, in the face of "profitless prosperity," our manufacturers turn again to the good old panacea; but the nation is not a little startled to hear a universal outcry and angry threats from across the seas. It may safely be predicted that tariff rates will be increased when Congress resumes its sessions. Mr. Grundy and his friends may not get all they are asking; but their influence, plus our national *amour propre*, our Yankee resentment of foreign interference, make it certain that the Hawley Tariff will add many a high point to the existing wall of the Fordney-McCumber schedules.

IT SHOULD be remembered in judging the importance of the present clamorous resentment voiced by other nations, that this is by no means unprecedented. Long ago, when the McKinley Tariff was pending, and again in the days of Dingley, Cecil Rhodes was so excited by these threats against British industrial supremacy that he urged His Majesty's Government to make forceful representations to the United States, while Andrew Carnegie actually proposed that America should voluntarily renounce all thought of being an industrial country — that we should till our soil, tend our flocks and herds, and buy what manufactured goods we needed from Britain. Of course we went right ahead raising our tariff walls higher and higher; we became an industrial nation; we have prospered exceedingly, and the rest of the world has managed to get along. Nevertheless, although tariff reprisals seldom get beyond the stage of threats, there are elements of danger in the present situation.

For one thing, more nations than ever before, apparently, are protesting our proposed new schedules. As I write, the evening newspaper tells me that Spain, Sweden and Italy have sent "additional representations" to the State Department. England, France, and Canada have also been heard from. The American tariff seems, indeed, to loom larger in British attention than in our own, and has become virtually the leading question of the hour in London. Lord Beaverbrook, through his extensive chain of newspapers, launches an organization called the Empire Crusaders, which aims not only to continue and extend the system of Imperial Preference, but to raise a barrier "against the foreigner until such time as he shall plead for economic admittance" into the British Imperial system. As *The New York Evening Post* dispatch points out, "the foreigner" of Lord Beaverbrook's *pronunciamento* "obviously means the United States." Moreover, Lord Beaverbrook's militant proposals are supported by men who unquestionably speak for an important section of British opinion, including Lord Melchet, better known as the former Sir Alfred Mond, and now the head of the Chemical Trust, the largest corporation within the British Empire.

THE fact that the British system of "Imperial Preference" already operates to an extent as a protective tariff against American products, only emphasizes the fact that a tariff war between Britain and the United States is a real possibility.

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Even more portentous is the fact that M. Briand, as French Minister of Foreign Affairs, lately proposed the formation of a kind of economic United States of Europe; and far from causing amazement, amusement or scorn, the suggestion was hailed by French and other statesmen and industrialists, and is soon to be put before the League of Nations.

WHAT motive can be so powerful that it has thus brought the nations of Europe, jealous and distrustful of each other as they are, to the point of considering the elimination of economic frontiers? What but fear of the steadily growing industrial and financial power of America? What exigency can be so great that it brings nations but lately at each other's throats seriously to contemplate the subordinating of individual fiscal policies to a general Continental system? What but the threat which they see in our new tariff proposals? "Underlying all reflections on this theme," says a cable dispatch to *The New York World*, "there is evident an anxiety to see a unified Europe capable of defense against protectionist America." That this is far more than an idle dream is apparent from the fact that for several years the German and French steel and iron interests have operated under a cartel agreement which, admittedly enough, aims to protect European markets from, and contest world markets with, the steel interests of America.

Although, as I have pointed out, there are limits to our ability to capture foreign markets for American goods so long as great masses of workers in other parts of the world will labor for wages that the American worker would scorn, yet we have, evidently, captured enough of the European market to make our conquests resented and our further plans feared. Europe, meanwhile, has continued to find a market in America for a great part of her production; but our latest tariff proposals threaten to exclude European goods to an extent which Europe feels will be disastrous, even ruinous. And so Europe proceeds to remind us of certain pertinent facts, such as that tariffs are a game others besides ourselves can play, and that an export business depends on the willingness of other nations to buy, and that no nation can force its goods upon other peoples who are unwilling to buy.

THERE is, then, the distinct possibility that the British Empire, and the whole of Europe organized as a kind of *Zollverein*, and perhaps other nations in Asia and South America, resentful of our new plans to exclude their products by prohibitive duties, may decide to show us how high tariff walls can really go. To the easy-going man in the street it may seem a far cry from a tariff war to a real war in the usual sense. But here again we must recognize that economic realities underlie all political events, and might as easily bring on another world conflict as they did the last. There is shrewd truth in the observation of an American economist that the World War would never have occurred if free trade had prevailed over all the frontiers of Europe.

Now we do not desire war — and particularly not such a war as the next one would be, ruthless and in-

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exorable beyond anything since the days of Jenghis Khan. And no more do we desire a tariff war, from which no nation could profit, and least of all America, with its urgent need of world-wide outlets for the goods which its great industrial machine is producing in such overflowing abundance. Is there a way to avert both wars? There may be several ways; I venture to suggest one.

We are faced with difficulties in exporting our goods. Very well — then let us export our prosperity!

Let us export our efficiency!

Let us export our high wage idea, our deferred payment system, our mass production methods, our technique for the harnessing of electricity!

Let us export our production power, our consumption capacity, our high standards of material welfare!

THOSE who are familiar with the facts about American investments abroad in these last few years will realize that we are already beginning to do some of these things. The International Labor Office of the League of Nations estimates that $500,000,000 of American money is invested today in American-owned or American-controlled manufacturing plants in Europe, while a full billion of the same good dollars is invested in securities of European corporations. It is also said that our "foreign private loans" amount to $4,000,000,000, in Europe, and $14,000,000,000 in the world at large. It is obvious that the American money in the first of these categories at least — the money invested in American-owned or -controlled plants — must already be at work implanting American methods of efficiency in production. But the total figures indicate the amazing extent to which we have become a creditor nation. Great Britain alone, and to a very slight extent, surpasses us in volumes of private loans and investments abroad; but when to our private loans and investments are added our Government loans to other Governments, we stand today clearly *the* creditor nation of the world.

THERE is great danger for us in that position, but also great opportunity. If, conceivably, all our investments abroad should be confiscated, and all our private and public foreign loans repudiated, we could say at least that we had played a part in universal history by fecundating the older lands to the extent of those billions from the bosom of America; yet looking upon the world as it is today we would have to admit that so vast a sum would seem to have gone to singularly little good purpose. But we can do something which will benefit other nations more than if they confiscated all our money. We can help them to do what we have done. We owe that to Europe particularly. Europe gave us our being, and the wealth of her culture to be the foundation of ours. Let us consider that it is our part in the plan of God, or destiny, to pay for this cultural heritage in the coin of material well-being. Our position as creditor nation puts it in our power to do this; and perhaps the international bank which is to be formed to give effect to the Young Plan for settlement of the Reparations prob-

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lem, will prove to be the agency through which we can work.

The international bank, though instituted only to settle the Reparations tangle, is certain to grow into an instrumentality for much broader work than that. And though the American Government may stand aloof, American money — the money of the world's principal creditor nation — can no more avoid flowing thither than rivers can avoid flowing to the sea. American money, American influence, quite conceivably may be able to alter the whole destiny of Europe and the world through this international bank.

OUR assistance may be extended in many ways; let me suggest just one form that it might take. Suppose that the international bank, acting on American advice, or perhaps a group of American capitalists acting through the international bank, should offer to extend to some great English, German or French corporation a large loan upon these terms: You shall pay your workers according to the American scale of wages for similar work; you shall forego profits for two or three years if necessary in order to get that wage scale established; we shall forego interest on the loan while you have to forego profits; and you shall adopt methods of mass production and other labor saving methods and efficiency devices according to the suggestions of American experts.

It is not fantastic to imagine that such a proposal might be made and accepted. Where governments are stodgy and immovable as so many promontories, capital flows with the ease of water; and the businessman's mind is always open on the side of possible greater profits. Now suppose that such an arrangement as outlined above were entered into, some conspicuous English or Continental corporation, or even a cartel embracing a whole industry, being the recipient of the loan. All the propaganda that Moscow could pour over Europe for a decade would not produce as great an effect as the example of American methods and American wages right in the heart of Europe. It would cause a revolution, but a peaceful and beneficent one, because it would be a revolution *toward better business*. The increased wages paid the favored workers under the scheme would at once begin to irrigate trade in all lines; so that not only would the envious employees of other corporations demand a higher scale, but retailers, wholesalers, utilities, eventually all classes and interests, would demand the extension of the high wage system. And as the increased production figures of the corporation or cartel making the experiment became known — partly due to mass production methods, partly to the increased efficiency of happier workers — corporate capital itself would lead the rush to spread the American system over Europe.

THAT is merely one way in which we might export American efficiency and thereby American prosperity. But how would we profit by this? We would profit because other nations, having enhanced purchasing power, would become better customers of ours, particularly for such things as we can make best or alone supply. We would profit because the

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elimination of masses of sweated, underpaid labor would equalize our competitive footing in respect to classes of goods where we are now consistently undersold. We would profit because when Europe makes herself a better market for her own goods, and when she no longer has a surplus produced by sweated labor to export, her pressure against our tariff walls, and our anxiety to raise those walls higher, will both relax.

Insensibly yet swiftly, and without calling upon the cumbersome political machinery of nations to creak into action, a kind of universal economic unity — at first a European-American unity — will come into being. Nor need there be any fear that a world organized on an efficient high-production basis will presently find itself making more than it can consume. Such a condition could not even begin to threaten for many years, because the entire possible surplus production of America and all the industrial nations of Europe could be absorbed by Russia alone, or by China alone, for a generation to come; and in the course of a generation a world economically organized on a sound plan would have learned great things and travelled a long way. And, as Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board of New York, so concisely put the case in his recent address before the International Chamber of Commerce, "All the world's industries could not possibly produce too much, for each product, in a well-balanced market, creates a demand for other products."

I have purposely reserved for brief final comment the matter of the debts owed us by foreign Governments. Every economist knows — and most of them are trying hard to make statesmen understand — that these debts can only be paid in goods. If we shut our markets against European goods, by means of high and higher tariffs, Europe cannot dispose of her surplus, cannot achieve financial stability, and can never pay us. The only way she can even approach paying us will be to dump her surplus in all the export fields where she competes with us, to the ruin of our growing export business. On the other hand, there is force in the conventional high tariff argument that we endanger our home industries if we admit European goods made by cheaper labor, by workers living on a much lower scale than ours. Here is a vicious circle if ever there was one; but the way to cut through it, I earnestly believe, is to address ourselves to the task, not impossible and probably much easier than we would think, of exporting our standards of living, our wage scale, and our prosperity, to Europe.

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Red Rule in Golden Samarkand

By Anna Louise Strong

An Uzbek peasant sits in authority where Tamerlane once held kingly sway and freedom is such that youthful singers dare poke fun at Communist bureaucrats

There are many roads to Samarkand in the heart of Asia. All of them have made history. There is the Golden Road from the trading bazaars of Persia, so-called with Eastern courtesy because of the sun-struck yellow sands it crosses. There are the Great Road, and the Small Road, and the Winding Way, names more matter of fact given by caravans from China. There is even a rather uncertain new airplane route from Kabul, spasmodically connecting two Asian capitals, each aloof and mysterious to the outer world. Most direct is the Iron Road of rails five days southeast from Moscow.

Along this road came the Russian conquest, pushing south in the 'Eighties of the last century towards the fertile cotton lands and vineyards of Central Asia — beyond which lie the mountains of the Afghans and British India. The unrest thus aroused between two world empires is not yet ended; it grows with the decades. But many other conquerors had come before them, over the Golden Road or the Great Road or some of the other routes traversing the deserts. Alexander of Macedonia was the first recorded conqueror of Samarkand the Ancient; his great eastward swing through Asia took him even to the borders of India. Jenghiz Khan, Tamerlane, the Uzbeks of the Northern Steppe, have all in turn descended upon her richness, drawn to her across a thousand miles of desert sun.

There is a reason for all these conquests, a reason why Samarkand gleams like a magic jewel, enticing the hearts of kings. One day in the Kremlin, discussing the ever-recurring struggles of history, Karl Radek said to me: "Social and economic factors change, but geography remains."

It is the geography of Samarkand that has fixed her destiny. Here, at the foot of the highest mountain massifs of earth, lie fertile, irrigated regions encircled by the great deserts of Central Asia. Always since the dawn of history there have been settled civilizations in this rich, watered soil. Always about them have roamed the nomads, bred to wandering and to battle, gazing with

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envious eyes at the fat crops by the rivers.

In recent years even American irrigation experts have made pilgrimages hither, to learn what secret chemistry of soil and water has made it possible for irrigation to go on for centuries without exhausting fertility, whereas in parts of Colorado thirty-five years of irrigation bring impoverishment. They found that certain chemicals in the rivers, drawn from mineral beds in the mountains, kept the earth sweet indefinitely. Such are the treasure soils in the heart of Asia, drawing and absorbing race after race of conquerors, until each in its turn grew placid and was conquered again by the ever-fresh hordes from the plains without.

UNDER the Russian Czar the province of Turkestan was known as the "brightest jewel in the crown of empire." But despite this, glory was taken from its chief city, Samarkand. The modernized Russian city of Tashkent, built with wide boulevards for the conquerors, took its place as the capital. A Governor's mansion and a lofty Russian cathedral faced each other across a military parade ground. Scattered Russian settlers came along the new Iron Road of rails with bullets to dominate the land. They brought with them their own culture, doctors, schools for their children, and eventually a small number of schools in the Russian language for the Russification of the natives, in order that the Czardom might have native Government clerks as go-betweens.

Now the pendulum has swung again. The policy of the Bolsheviks has established a series of new native republics under the economic dominance of Moscow, each in charge of its own departments of health and education, agriculture, irrigation, justice and local industry. The Governor-General's mansion is now a museum of natural history; across the former military parade ground, on revolutionary festival days, troop the peoples of the East in procession.

TASHKENT is no longer a capital, though it still remains the economic centre. Political glory has returned to Samarkand. In her halls sit the representatives of the Uzbek nation, passing their own laws in their own language. Achun Babaief, President of the Uzbeks, is a former farm hand, who rose to power through the Ploughmen's Association.

What Kalenin is to the peasants of Russia, Achun Babaief is to the back country folk of Uzbekistan. His hospitable house of six rooms, the White House of Samarkand, shelters himself and five members of his family, his secretary and four members of the latter's family, his body-guard and all his peasant guests. Simple, illiterate Uzbeks, arriving at Samarkand after midnight (the popular hour for trains), walk to the President's home and sleep till morning on his ample rugs, until he awakes and they present their petitions. He goes on frequent tours in the villages, where newly unveiled women meet him with requests and small boys run to stare, crying "Granddaddy Achun," and old men weep in joyous excitement to see in these strange modern days a man like themselves grown ruler.

Even I spent three days in the

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home of Achun Babaief. The hotels, as expected, were full when my train arrived from Bokhara at three in the morning. I had been told to go straight to the President's house with my letter of introduction, but my western reverence for times and seasons deterred me. A night porter let me sit in a hotel corridor till eight o'clock; then I strolled down a shady street of residences till I reached the President's dwelling. The large Uzbek policeman, who slept in the hall as bodyguard and door-keeper, told me that Achun Babaief was away in the country, but that I should wait two or three days in his home till his return. He reproached me mildly for not having come in the night-time, saying, "Someone is always awake here, or at least I am asleep in the corridor. We could have given you a place on the sofa, which would surely have been better."

THE President's wife, a fat, kindly woman in a wrapper, with bare feet thrust into galoshes, came into the front room to greet me. She could not speak Russian but she smiled hospitably over the head of her latest baby who was nursing contentedly at her breast. Though she was very proud of her famous husband and showed me his pictures taken on various eventful occasions, she was not very conversant with his movements; she was forced to refer to the secretary to discover when he was likely to return.

She invited me to breakfast with the family, which consisted of two other children and two old women, either relatives or family servants. Flat wheaten loaves, honey, raisins, nuts and grapes were set before us, with glasses of tea. For this delicious food no table utensils were visible, except one spoon in the honey-jar. For the rest we used our fingers. After breakfast it was decided that I should lodge in the secretary's quarters since he had a Russian wife and himself spoke Russian. For three days I shared a dining-room with his mother-in-law, sleeping on a leather divan. On the second night the President came back from the "land reform"; and arranged that we should go to the "Cotton Day" together.

ACHUN BABAIEF is of course a Communist. But surely Communism means to his Asiatic soul something simpler than the sophisticated theories of Marx. He can read Russian only with difficulty, and *Das Kapital* has not yet been translated into Uzbek. What is the meaning to him of this new faith which is transforming the fate of farmhands and has made him President in Samarkand? Two incidents come to my mind in explaining the soul of Achun Babaief.

The "Land reform" which he had visited in the villages meant nothing more nor less than the confiscation of landlords' land and its division among farm laborers and tenants. I asked him how it was going and he nodded with placid satisfaction. There was no trace of apologetic explanation, no allegiance even by justification to any old ideal of private property in land.

"It is going very well," he said. "I was much pleased to see how well the farmhands are organized. They have uncovered many landlords who were not on the lists of the Government." It was clear that the organization of

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the farmhands and their participation in governmental activities was to Achun Babaief the most important fact in the whole land confiscation. A new power was rising and he was for it.

On a later occasion, during the celebration of "Cotton Day," a wrinkled, old peasant woman approached her President to beg amnesty for her son, in jail for some offense. How excited she was; she seized my hand as she waited; it was clear that the grandeur of the occasion almost outweighed the import of her petition. Ten years before, she was the bought chattel of a serf, sold in marriage to a peasant who might not pass the Emir's castle from a distance without dismounting from his cart. Now she was going to tell her family troubles to Granddaddy Achun, the President of her country.

Later Achun Babaief said to me, "I must look up her son. If he has not been guilty of oppressing the poor or of grafting he can no doubt be amnestied." A man might steal from need or commit murder from passion; he might through ignorance be guilty of other crimes against the law. In all such cases there might be hope of making him again a useful citizen. But he who exploited the poor or corrupted the Government was quite simply rotten as a social being. This was Achun Babaief's simple Asiatic interpretation of Communism.

The "Cotton Day" festival to which I was invited was held on a Friday, since that is the Mohammedan holiday. At noon we gathered at the Samarkand railway station, bound for the Past Dorgomsky region. The festival itself is an odd mingling of modern economic propaganda with the ancient ritual of harvest. Modern European ploughs are given as prizes by the Cotton Trust for the best production. Modern, ultra-modern, are the speeches. But very ancient is the crowd that assembles on foot and on horse, the gnarled old peasantry from the surrounding villages. Ancient, too, their favorite sport after the speeches are over — the dangerous *kop kori*, a fight of horsemen over the flesh of a slaughtered lamb.

Many Samarkand officials beside the President went with us to Past Dorgomsky. For this is a special "experimental cotton region" where the Department of Agriculture has redistricted lands and supplied fertilizer to establish a model of what can be done by proper methods of farming. The gayest members of our crowd were sixty youths from the Musical High School of Samarkand; they had organized a "Blue Blouse Dramatic Group" and were going on invitation to perform at the festival. They wore long, padded coats, the national outdoor costume of the Uzbeks, but in this case we also saw coats of gorgeous hand-woven silk in many colors. Shining blue and green stripes predominated, but scarlet, crimson and yellow were not lacking. Large, figured kerchiefs of orange and yellow, folded diagonally and tied nattily about the waist, held the coats in position. Their caps were the common velvet skull-caps in many colors. Girls also participated, but less gorgeously, their red silk kerchiefs being their chief decoration.

At mid-afternoon we poured from the train into a waiting crowd of

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peasants. Their thousands filled a great dusty space near the tracks, covered the railway embankment, overflowed into the alleys and upon the roofs of the little town. In the midst of the crowd rose the tribune, a small high platform for the speakers, draped with the deep red rugs of Merv.

FROM somewhere beyond the houses a procession kept coming, steadily enlarging the group around the tribune. On the edge of the crowd two tractors decorated in red dragged carts of shouting children up and down the square. These were the proud display of two *Kol-hozes*, groups of peasants farming land together. Thirty *Kol-hozes* in all were present, each with a large red banner bearing its name and motto. "Red Sickle," "Ploughman," "Red Star," "Work-lovers," "New Day" were some of the names translated for me from the Arabic script in which they were written.

The speeches dragged along; the photographer of the Uzbek State Cinema climbed from roof to roof, taking pictures. At the close of each speech the band played the *International* and all who were seated arose. All except the women. Whether they presumed on age or sex or whether they were so huddled on each other's laps that rising was difficult, they kept to the ground. Then suddenly, when the speeches were half over, I saw them preparing to rise. Swaying like a movement of the sea, the mass of women struggled up — eyes uplifted in devotion. The younger women broke into cheers.

Shadiva was climbing into the tribune. Shadiva, the miner's daughter, member now of the new Government of Samarkand. A woman, like themselves sold in marriage at the age of ten, whose rise to power was a symbol of their own freedom. The younger women gazed in aspiration; the older nodded in a gentle satisfaction. Only once again did the women honor any event by rising — when one of the local *Kol-hozes* presented a banner to Granddaddy Achun.

AFTER the formal programme the peasants poured into a large open court where farm machinery was on display. Long lines of very cheap European ploughs waited to be given as prizes. One peasant, working his cotton land with an ancient wooden stick, drawn by oxen, had produced four times the average cotton crop. Achun Babaief shook hands with him over the plough he received. Premiums of four hundred roubles went to the best *Kol-hozes*. But alas, the expensive machinery, like tractors, was only for exhibition. The sign of the local branch of the State Savings Bank, hung over a crude wooden door, indicated the way to secure them. But it was clear that no individual peasant even in this exhibition region could save enough by himself to buy a tractor. Only a *Kol-hoz* of twenty or thirty families, working and saving together, could amass the sums needed.

The feast had already begun in another court near the railway station. On the hard earth sat several hundred turbaned and gaily clad peasants, ranged in long ovals of twenty or thirty around central mats on which were steaming bowls of *plof*. This dish of hot rice, cooked with pieces of meat and fat, is the national

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dish of Central Asia. Like the black bread of the Russian peasant, it is the beginning, middle and end of every meal. It is eaten with the fingers; the twenty or thirty peasants in each oval formation dipped eagerly out of one enormous central bowl. Guards held back hordes, waiting their turn.

IT WAS late afternoon and I had not eaten since early morning; I began to wonder when I also might be given my *plof*. One of the guards, remembering that I had come with the President's party, led me across the railway square to the new schoolhouse, on the floor of which the city guests were also eating *plof*, but with some high-brow additions. Strips of felt had been placed to sit on; worn Oriental rugs held the dishes of food. Achun Babaief nodded to me to take my seat beside him; in recognition of my western habits, he placed in front of me a flat wheaten loaf to serve as plate, and called for a spoon. I helped myself to a plentiful loaf full of *plof* with a side garnish of delicious stewed lamb. Later, one corner of the loaf did duty as a dish for the honey which ended the feast. Throughout the banquet, a dozen common teabowls, symbol of fellowship, passed from mouth to mouth — without a question of the hygienic procedure involved!

It was almost dusk when the feasting ended; there was barely time to view the last of the *kop kori* which took place outside the town in a large open field. In this cherished national sport of Central Asia, a lamb is killed and its body thrown into the air to be contended for by horsemen. Madly straining, racing, fighting, neither horse nor man is spared in the struggle which often ends in serious and even fatal injuries. Clouds of dust obscured the conflict so that the spectators could see little of it except the victor emerging in triumph. For the sake of the *kop kori* the peasant breeds fine horses, and tends to prize strength and speed rather than capacity for ploughing, in which he is more apt to use oxen.

The new entertainment given by the youths and girls of the Musical High School attracted as great a crowd as the *kop kori*. On the hard earth of the railway square was laid a large canvas; on this the musicians grouped themselves with their instruments and began a programme of topical songs and dances. The melodies were old — the monotonous music of Central Asia that is tiresome to a European. But the performance, with its mingling of dance, dramatic dialogue and satire, was modern. The subjects chosen dealt with the latest events — humorous comment on politics, on government foibles, on social customs.

THERE followed many personal satires. A boy and a girl faced each other, with hands upraised and bodies swaying, and attacked each other thus:

> On your head you carry
> A full-laden basket;
> Inside your head
> It is empty. . . .
>
> On your face you have
> Powder and colors;
> Behind your face there is
> Nothingness.

The unveiling of women was the theme of many songs, some pure propaganda, some tragic, some humorous. One was a dialogue between

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a *mullah* and his daughter, in which he offers her fine silk veils so that she should not leave her ancient custom; she answers that she prefers education; he bewails the fact that when you once let a girl learn even her A-B-C's you never can tell where it will end. Another song satirized the woman:

> On the eighth of March
> I tore off my veil
> But before I reached home
> I bought three new *paranjas*
> To veil myself more darkly.

The allusion is to the big processions on International Women's Day, when thousands of women unveil under mass stimulus, only to worry about facing their husbands in the home.

One of the most delightful songs on women, which caused hearty laughter, told how the wife of a poor workman unveiled, and then demanded that her husband buy her a fine silk shawl and kerchief, "since I am now completely European." The husband replied that he had no money, whereupon the woman threatened to report him to the police for counter-revolution since he interfered with the fight for women's unveiling.

Night came. The musical programme ended. On a great sheet stretched across the square began the motion pictures. They were held in the open air, free to all, and the crowd was so dense that I could not get near enough to see them.

Suddenly a train whistle blew and our party from Samarkand hastened into the single third-class car attached for our benefit to the local freight. The musicians in gay silken costumes, not content with such sociable crowding as might be attained in two dimensions, flowed upward into the sleeping and baggage shelves of the car. Two or three curled on each middle shelf, designed for one sleeper; one or two lay flat on the baggage shelves, wedged close to the ceiling, sticking their heads over to join in the music.

In the flickering light of a single candle to each compartment (this being an ancient car quite lacking improvements) the three-tiered crowd of happy brown faces broke into song. They got out instruments, the many varieties of strange, stringed instruments of the Uzbeks. In the corridor a tiny space was cleared for dancers; one by one the youths and girls took positions, performing some dancing chant while the crowd kept time with hand-claps. The black-bearded Uzbek policeman, bodyguard of the President, was pressed into service as a dancer, while everyone laughed and applauded. The best performers on each kind of instrument were called for to make the night merry with music as we rolled back to Samarkand.

Achun Babaief, President of the Uzbeks, leaned against one corner of the compartment, nodding his head and sometimes moving his hands in time to the music. Once or twice he took part in a song he knew; once he called for a favorite song and the boys made haste to sing it. It was no political satire he asked, no modern propaganda; it was an old love song of the Uzbeks from before the days of revolution, in which a lover declares the charms of his fair, unattainable sweetheart. So we returned late at night, but with song still tireless, to the noisy railway station of the capital where once ruled Tamerlane.

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Ulysses in America

By Collinson Owen

An Englishman at last conceives a splendid way to discover America; but he probably never will carry it out— because of our coffee!

What do they know of America who have merely run up and down the United States for three or four months? . . .

Here we encounter one of the primary difficulties in the way of an Englishman discovering America. There isn't really time enough. If he goes to New York for a week or so he is told: "That is not America. You ought to have gone to Chicago." If he makes it a week more and takes in Chicago, he is told: "That is all very well, but you ought to have seen more of the Middle West and gone to St. Louis." And if he spends three or four months running round most of the country he tells himself that it is only a beginning, that it might be presumptuous to write or draw conclusions about America on such moderate acquaintance, that to do the job properly would take years.

And at the mere mention of such an idea I seem to hear the senior and sleepy partner of the Two Black Crows drawling, "You can't do that." It is quite true. It can't be done. Which means that no Englishman will ever really discover America. If he remained there long enough for the job his perceptions would become blunted and his palate vitiated, probably by bathtub gin. To know exactly what the United States, or any foreign country, is like you must remain a stranger all the time you are looking on. You must be able at any moment to recapture that first astounding thrill with which you see a large policeman — though probably not so large as a London policeman — walking down Fifth Avenue twirling his club. This sight to the perceptive Englishman is just as amazing as would be the spectacle of an elephant deftly climbing the Woolworth Building.

It is true that all our lives in England we have been familiar with the fact that New York policemen openly twirl their clubs. But reading about it is one thing. Seeing it is another. In England people live long lifetimes without ever seeing what is called a policeman's truncheon. If some misguided bobby flourished his truncheon in the Strand there would be questions in Parliament

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and another scandal at Scotland Yard.

To my own keen regret, after I had been in New York a week, the sight of a cop twirling his night stick failed to arouse in me its original thunderous impression. I recognized this sadly as the first symptom in the process of becoming what America calls acclimated. I was getting used to things. On my first day somebody took me, all a-quiver, up the Woolworth Building. On my fifth I wouldn't have gone up it for a thousand dollars. After a month I resolutely refused to look at it.

And therein lies the real difficulty of discovering America. One becomes used to it too soon. There is no language obstacle in the way so that everything can be picked up at once. And this, which is regarded as a commonplace, is really the greatest marvel of all — if we all thought about it aright — the thrilling fact that the policeman in New York, the taxi-driver in Kansas City and the man behind the counter at the Brown Derby in Los Angeles all speak pretty well the same language that I do; that between the English and all these people there is not one thousandth part of one per cent of the difference in speech that exists between the inhabitants of Dover and the denizens of Boulogne.

THE only way to ensure that England would know *all* about America would be by arrangement between the two Governments — that is presuming that anything ever could be arranged between them. There should be carefully selected from England a writer who was learned, wise and witty (if there should be one such) and one accustomed, or even pleased, to remain away from home for long stretches of time. By arrangement with Washington he should be allowed to take with him his own private cellar, supplemented by a French chef and an English cook, just to vary the menu and keep his gastronomic perceptions keen. (How can you judge America's food if you have it every day?) He should also be provided with a bodyguard of trained and polite gunmen so that he could keep his mind exclusively on his job and have no worry about what was coming to him round the corner, no matter how terrifying the newspapers might be. . . . Ulysses would be a good name for him.

THUS armed, and cared for, he should proceed, year after year, from large cities to small ones and from those to "hick" towns, collecting immense material for an *opus* that would do credit to the theme. Vol. I. would take him, perhaps, from New York as far as Chicago. . . . Only to be haunted all the way by the disturbing suspicion that the more the names of towns and cities change the more they (the towns and cities) remain the same.

That perhaps would prove in the end to be the chief difficulty of it all. The climate of New York may not be the climate of San Diego, but a hot dog stand in Arizona looks precisely like one in Massachusetts. I have even heard it said that the hot dogs themselves are much the same all over the country, and that only a very few experts — men whose perceptions are, so to speak, trained to the millimetre — can tell the

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difference between one born in the North and one which first saw the light below the Mason and Dixon line.

It is magnificent in its way, but it is a little too standardized for romance. In England there is, even in this respect, much more variety. Only one county, Cambridgeshire, is famous for its sausages. Only one county, Devonshire, can produce clotted cream. Essex has its oysters, Yorkshire its puddings, Worcestershire its sauce, Cornwall its pasties, Wiltshire its bacon and Aberdeenshire its jokes. All this helps to make life different, in different places.

For some considerable period I travelled through the United States in the company of an English baronet. This gentleman, otherwise unimpeachable, discovered in himself an extraordinary passion for ice cream. Scorning all questions of rank he would sit down anywhere to eat it.

"This is a wonderful country," he said to me, often. "Their ice cream is magnificent — positively magnificent. I do wish you would try some, my dear fellow."

He saw all the great American scene through his love for what he maintained was the best ice cream in the world. He refused to believe the crime statistics. He maintained stoutly that no people who could produce ice cream such as this would just go about shooting each other. I saw him eating it in hotel cafés in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere. While I ached for Bass and other such impossible delights he was happy with a spoon. Member of a family which has helped to build up the British Empire, he left America behind him with the keenest regret because it had given him the best ice cream of all his varied experience. What he is doing about it in London, Heaven only knows. But I can imagine him saying in the imposing clubs to which he belongs: "A marvellous country, my dear fellow, marvellous. I had a splendid time there. We have much to learn from them." He will certainly be for all time an eloquent partisan of all things American. He will say (to himself): "I care not who drinks her bootleg liquor so long as I may partake of her ice cream".

And indeed I met with many evidences of this sort of thing in America. A very amiable Californian told me, with his charming wife to corroborate, about his happy discovery of England. It really all hung on a cup of tea. With his wife he went through Italy and France. There was a heat wave in Italy and he felt very ill. Things were little better in France. He was still ill. He couldn't eat. Paris bored them. They landed at Dover. "I felt a new man at once," he said, quite in the style of a testimonial. "They brought me a lovely cup of tea and some cakes in the Pullman. It was the first thing I had relished for weeks. I felt alive again. Everybody spoke English. It was like coming home." They rattled him through Kent, dropped him in London, and he was so happy he didn't want to leave it. He will always love England now. I should like some day to introduce him to my baronet and hear them discuss Anglo-American relations:

"I quite agree" (my baronet

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would say). "There should be no possible room for political differences between two countries whose language, laws, history, traditions, indeed whose very prejudices, come from a common stock whose aspirations reach forward to a common ideal. . . . And by Jove, you people really do make the most superb ice cream!"

But then of course different people do have such very different points of view. During my travels in America many of my most interesting conversations seem to have been with barbers. One such was cutting my hair somewhere in California. We were surrounded by that shining white and sanitary luxury which is one of the highest expressions of American civilization; which makes one think of the average London barber's shop as a sort of mediæval cavern. I was reading *The Christian Science Monitor.*

"Are you a Scientist, sir?" this barber asked cordially.

I confessed that I wasn't and he told me proudly that he was. He proved to be a very earnest sort of fellow; explained that he could have retired long ago but preferred to go on working, which is something that I never could understand. And he mentioned that he had been in London.

"A very fine city. I enjoyed it very much. But how I wish you could dispose of your drink problem as we have done with ours!"

I sat up at this.

"Our drink problem!"

"Yes. Your public houses. It made me feel sad to see them everywhere. People crowding into them, wasting their money on drink."

He was really quite upset about it in the kindest way. He had visited London and the memory of its public houses hurt him. And I was away from London and through a few months absence had come to see the London public house, with all its faults, as a very pleasant sort of place to have about. I thought of the cosy interiors of some of them, of the rich store of delight in bottles and casks openly displayed, of the crisp tang of Bass or Worthington as contrasted with the cloying sweetness of even the best ice cream; of gin which —

> Whatever the faults of gin may be,
> Is as pure as gin knows how to be.

And here was this dear fellow worried about our liquor problem! So was I. The problem with me being that it was such a very long way off.

Dear, dear! Must we then, in any discussion or description of the United States, get back to that well-worn theme? I am afraid that like The King Charles's Head — which is a sign that may be seen swinging here and there in England — it is bound to crop up. But my objection to American liquor legislation was not so much what it did to my drinking as what it did to my eating. One may do without the *apéritif.* But what about the wine? In the land where cocktails first flourished one could forswear them if only when the fish or the joint came on there appeared in their company just what should be there; the chaste white wine or the ruby red, or the rich brown of English beer or, to go further and not necessarily fare

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worse, the pale amber of German lager. But anyhow, something — something for the love of all the good cheer that the world has ever known. The tang of dry alcohol, and not the sweetness of sweets. And not, oh dear no, not creamy coffee in a large cup!

Fortunate America, with its prosperity and its millionaires! Stupendous America, with its rocketting skyscrapers! . . . But in Europe we manage to rub along. On my first night back in London I walked into a French restaurant. It was modest, yet it was a place of high adventure. For one dollar did I purchase a bottle of very worthy Chablis. And as I drank my share of it I thought of all the hotel dinners I had eaten in the East, the Middle and the West where its magic presence would have transformed the scene, where its inexpensive but precious aid would have changed a mere dinner into a feast. And my heart went out in sympathy to all those nice rich Americans who, sitting amid scenes of architectural splendor, must drink coffee with their dinner.

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Old Man Jessup Is Going to Die

By Winter Colladay

The grove doesn't belong to us any more, but I like to go back now and then, for a day or two. We lived there so many years and my children were all born there. When we went up last week they told us that old Joe Nick Jessup was very sick and going to die.

"We can stop and see him on our way home," I said to my son George as we were leaving.

"Not me," said George. "You can stop if you want to, but I'll stay right here in the car. I never want to lay eyes on old man Jessup again."

"Maybe he really will die this time," I said.

"I'll bet he doesn't. He's been going to die for fifteen years and he's still here. Anyhow, I could bear it if he did. Have you forgotten how he burned our packing house and ran off our hogs and stole our oranges?"

"He's old now," I said.

"He's an old scoundrel," said George. "Do you remember the year he stole so many oranges we couldn't have any summer vacation?"

I remembered it very well. The children were so disappointed they cried and I nearly cried myself. Our vacations cost so little. Still we had to have some money put by for them and that year we lost so many oranges that we were quite poor, and we had to stay at home.

"If it hadn't been for Joe Nick we might still have the grove," said George.

"What's the use saying that? You know you wouldn't want it."

"No," said George, "not unless I was a millionaire. Now I thank the Lord I can sleep at night when the thermometer goes down."

Don't I know? When the thermometer went down my heart went with it. We lived by that thermometer in the winter and when it turned cold we couldn't sleep anyway, so we stayed up, or took naps with our clothes on. I've caught many a bad cold running out in my night dress to help with the smudge pots. When the children were little they could sleep through it, but when they grew bigger they had to help, too. The oranges meant having what we wanted or doing without — clothes and school for the children and even food. It's terrible to feel it getting colder and colder every minute and not being able to do anything about it. We would make fires in the grove and set smudge pots to keep up the temperature, but if it gets below twenty-four your crop is gone and if it gets below ten your grove is gone too.— But now we've only come on a visit.

George stopped the car when we

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got to the bend in the road and we looked back at the old house.

"Guess it will hold together till we get here again," he said.

He always says that and I always think, yes, but maybe I'm the one that will be gone. I look and look at it until I can't bear to look any more. My young days are in that house and my children's and my young husband Harry's, and all our trouble and happiness and love, like keepsakes shut up in a box. I am old and I know it, but back there I can feel almost young again, for the rooms are just about as we left them. There's a smell of dried roses and orange blossoms and maybe a little of Harry's pipe. I used to think it was a horrid smell, that old pipe, but what wouldn't I give to smell it now!

WE PASSED an old man sitting by the roadside with his feet in the ditch. My eyes aren't so good as they might be and I had to ask George, "Who was that?"

"Who do you suppose? Eli Polk, of course. He'll sit there till the oranges are ripe enough to steal. He's another like old Jessup. There's not two hairs' difference between 'em."

"I expect Jessup led him on," I said. "I never thought Eli was such a bad fellow, by himself."

"Led him on, your grandmother. Why, didn't father find six of our hogs in his pen the day after Joe Nick ran them off our place? And father was afraid to claim them for fear Eli'd come up and burn the house over our heads some time when father was off shipping oranges."

Yes, they were dreadful people. We came down from Indiana, Harry and I, right after we were married. Harry bought our land down here so I could have the climate. He cleared away the brush and set out the trees himself and I lay in the hammock and watched him. I was too weak to sit up. Afterwards I got strong enough to have three children and do all my own work.

"DID you notice the lemon trees?" I asked George.

"Dead, mostly. Oh, there's a few left maybe, but last winter's freeze was hard on them."

Those lemons were my pocket money. Harry set them out just for me, a whole row of them, and I always had whatever they brought, for my own use. They did well, too, and when the packing house burned the first time, I had enough saved up to help Harry build another. I was saving to send the boys to college, but we talked it over and decided we needed the packing house right away, and the boys were still little and Harry felt sure we'd have plenty of money by the time they grew up to need it. Harry was always one to look on the bright side, whether his predictions were fulfilled or not.

An old darkey was coming up from the river with a string of fish. "Stop, George," I said. "Maybe it's Julius. He'll want to see you."

"It is Julius," said George, and pulled up to wait for him. "Seems to me he's slower than usual."

Julius was glad to see us. He stood and talked to us with his old hand on George's knee and told us about the misery in his back.

"Better have Mary bring you in

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to the doctor," said George, and gave him money for their fare on the boat. "Are those all the shoes you've got?"

His toes were sticking out of them. Mary keeps him as clean as a pin and all nicely patched up, but she can't help his shoes wearing out.

YES, those were all the shoes he had. George had sent him a pair a month back, but Mary had given them to her child.

"You go down to the boat tomorrow night," said George, "and Brewster will have shoes for you. Remember, Julius, Brewster's boat, not the *Sally J.*" George has to roar at him, for Julius has got so deaf.

"I'll tie up a bundle, Julius," I said. "Belle's husband sent over a suit for you."

Julius was pleased and stood in the road looking after us when we drove off.

"You'll have to speak to Mary," said George. "Julius looked ragged."

"You mustn't blame Mary," I said. "She takes good care of Julius, but I suppose her child means as much to her as her husband."

"Maybe so," said George, "but he doesn't mean a thing to me. I want Julius to have comfort in his old age."

Mary's "child" is as old as my Henry, and weighs two hundred or more. He's not a bad fellow, but somehow he never can keep a job very long.

"I'll write Mary a note and ask her not to give away the suit," I said. "Julius will enjoy wearing it because Belle sent it."

Julius thinks my daughter Belle belongs to him. I always say that he and the boys raised Belle. I was dreadfully sick when she was born and for two or three years after I didn't get back my strength. Julius would put her in the wheelbarrow when he went out to work in the grove and set her under a tree with oranges to play with. If she was too naughty and interfered with him so he couldn't work, he would put her in the wheelbarrow again and trundle her back to me. She would stand up and scream and beat him with her little fists all the way home, but he never would lay a finger on her to make her stop. She got awfully spoiled because I was too sick to punish her when she was bad, and none of the others would. Once I complained about her to my own mother, but I didn't get much sympathy. Mother said I was just like her at that age, and as I had turned out middling well she supposed Belle would too.

WE DROVE past the schoolhouse, as dilapidated as ever. "I hear they're going to build a new one," said George.

"The dear knows they need it," I said. "I used to think that one would never hold together till you and Belle got through with it, and how many years ago was that?"

School for the children was about the greatest problem we had. I kept them at home as long as I could and taught them myself. But there was so much to do on the place, especially when the crop had to be picked and packed. Sometimes we would be too busy to have lessons for weeks.

I hated to send them to the country school because the children were so rough and wild. And it wasn't

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only the children. Once Eli Polk's wife and Joe Nick Jessup's sister quarreled. Carolina Polk went to the schoolhouse about daylight with a shotgun and barred the door and wouldn't let any of them in as long as Janey Jessup's children were among them. Then Janey Jessup — Madison, her name was — got her a gun and marched down there and the two women shot it out till they were tired. The bullet marks are under the windows to this day. The teacher packed up her clothes and went back where she came from and there was no school for anybody's children the rest of that year. That was the year Henry had the smallpox.

We tried all kinds of ways to get our children educated. One year we put George and Belle in school across the river at Clay City. They had to stay there from Sunday night to Friday because it was too far to row them over every morning. We rented a couple of rooms for them and Belle kept house for George. She was twelve. I would cook a chicken for them and bake them a cake and a batch of bread and a pan of beans and anything else that would keep over, and of course I always had plenty of home canning for them to fall back on. Belle could cook pretty well herself when she was twelve. Yet George was poorly and I worried a good deal about them, so we didn't try it a second year. But that was long ago.

We passed a man with his head all wrapped up in a bandage. We spoke to him and he waved his hand at us, but he was so covered up I couldn't make out who he was.

"He had a look of the Jessups," I said to George. "Was it Lonnie Madison?"

"Willie Clay Durkee," said George.

"Turn back, George, I must ask him what happened," I said.

"No," said George. "Not if you want to stop and see old Jessup. We'll never get home. Besides, you're not obliged to look out for all the broken heads in the whole country. Not any more."

The time was when all the broken heads did come to me to be mended, and they were a-plenty, too. I used to wonder how they ever got along before we went to live there and who it was tied them up and set their broken arms and legs and gave them liniment for their lame backs and pills for their stomach aches and powders for their malaria. Back in Indiana my father was a country doctor and I used to ride out with him from the time I was a little thing. I often say the Lord must have known I was going to need the knowledge and experience I got from those trips. I was naturally quick and clean, and had a good reliable stomach that wouldn't turn over at the things a doctor has to see.

Up at the grove, they would come for me in the middle of the night and take me miles back in the woods to do for a sick child or a man who had cut his foot chopping wood. Or maybe it would be down the river in a boat to help a woman with a baby. Most of the women could help well enough, if everything went all right, for the dear knows they'd all had enough experience. But things didn't always go according to plan and then the

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neighbor women would call for me. It was possible to send over to Clay City, but the doctor couldn't always come right away, if he had much sickness on his hands, for it meant the best part of a day to make the trip.

WHEN that very same Willie Clay Durkee was born they sent for me at two o'clock in the morning to come quick because Mrs. Durkee was dying. The Durkees were nice people, but Mrs. Durkee didn't have much sense. She had had three children before and you would think she might have known all about her feelings, but seemingly she didn't. Mr. Durkee was so worried he was in a pitiful state. He had brought his boat into the wrong landing, so we had to walk all the way back to the Habersham place, and I fell through a hole in the dock and broke my wrist. The Habershams were shiftless and never mended anything until it dropped to pieces. I tied up my wrist in a handkerchief and went on.

Willie Clay was about as handsome a newborn child as ever I saw. But it was years before I could look at him without thinking, "Young man, if you hadn't been in such a hurry to come into this world, I wouldn't be hindered and put out by this bad wrist." It never did knit up right, and even to this day it goes stiff in bad weather.

Another time they came for me to see what I could do for Cass Potter's wife. The country was full of Potters, back in the woods mostly, and they lived more like animals than human people. Luly was a very sick woman. The baby was dead and she nearly died too. She was in a one-room shack, and it looked like a dozen children underfoot, though it may have been only five or six. But that was the way they all lived.

I put the little ones to bed on the floor in the summer kitchen and sent the grown sons off to their cousins for the night. Cass was away and I wasn't sorry, for he was as likely to be drunk as sober. He came back before daylight with two other men and the three of them threw themselves down in a corner of the shack, drunk as they could be.

It seems they had all been off on a lynching party, over in Lamar County, and then on the way home they had pulled a poor, harmless, darkey family out of bed and burned down their house. Cass was ranting about how he was going to clean up the country, burn 'em all up, turn 'em all out.

I went over to him and I said, "Cass, you'll have to stop this noise. Luly may be dying. Go out in the woodshed."

He looked at me stupidly, but the other two weren't as drunk as he was, and between them they dragged him out. I went with them to see that they got to the woodshed and nowhere else and then I barred the door on them.

IN THE morning Luly was a little better, so I got ready to go home. The children were up and all over the place. When they woke they just got on their feet and gave themselves a shake and they were fixed for the day. Their mother said to give them a couple of cold sweet potatoes apiece and turn them out of doors to eat them. Families like the Potters lived on sweet potatoes and hogs.

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I looked at that pack of dirty little children and their sick mother and felt sorry for them. I called in the biggest boy and told him to go borrow a mule and ride quick to our house so as to get there before Harry started out in the buggy to come for me. He was to tell Harry to send a pail of milk and anything there was in the house to eat.

While I was waiting I had a mind to give them all a bath, but I thought better of it. I knew it would make them mad and might upset Luly, and then I couldn't see that one bath in a lifetime was going to do them much good, anyway.

When Harry got there he had the milk and enough food for a regiment. There was a big rice pudding and two or three pies and a whole baking of bread and the dear knows what besides. My, how those children did eat, but I couldn't stay to watch them, for I knew there wasn't a bite left at home for my own family. When I asked Harry why he sent so much he said he couldn't remember how many children Cass had, and wanted to be sure there was enough for all.

"Durkees have let their grove run down," said George.

"I expect the boys don't want it," I said. "They'll sell it when the old folks are gone."

"It's too far north for a grove," said George.

Yes, maybe it is too far north, still I notice they have their troubles further south, too. Weather is something you can't help or change, my mother used to say, and there's no use moaning and groaning about it. Whether you're raising hay or wheat or garden truck, she would say, the best you can do is keep down the weeds and trust in the Lord.

We were not what you call religious, Harry and I, though we tried to do what we thought was right. I sometimes wonder about religion. Joe Nick was religious enough, for that matter. He'd go miles to a tent revival, but his religion never interfered with what he wanted to do. There was a church off in the woods a piece and about once a month we had a preacher, sometimes one kind and sometimes another. Everybody went and so did we, because it was the only church we could go to and we didn't want the children to be heathens. We tried to keep Sunday too, for the children's sake, though even that wasn't always easy. When you are young and there is so much work to do, it's hard to spend a day sitting with your hands folded, reading the Bible.

Some of the Potters were terribly religious too. They would groan and shout in church and sometimes embarrassed the preacher. The noisiest of them all was a family that lived over back of Tupelo Swamp. They were related to the Potters, but their name was Blackburn. Morley Blackburn was a dreadful man, worse than Cass Potter, if that could be. His wife died, poor thing, and Morley put on his best clothes and went up to Georgia to get another.

In a few days he came back with a meek little woman and a whole raft of children. He had married a widow with a family, and he had a family, and then the two of them together set out to have a third. You never saw such a mixed-up lot.

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One of the new wife's daughters grew up to be a beauty and when she was about sixteen young Isaac Madison wanted to marry her. But Morley had other plans. To tell the truth, he thought to make a bad woman out of her and have her bring in money to support them all. Isaac had gumption, though, and he was determined to get her, and the girl, Ruthy, wanted him, too, about as much as she could ever want anything. She was soft and pliable like her mother, not a bad girl, but not much to her.

ISAAC made his plans to steal Ruthy away. Somehow Morley got wind of it, and he carried her off and hid her in the middle of Tupelo Swamp, in a little hut there. He kept her so frightened, telling her the swamp was full of rattlesnakes and she'd sink to her death in the mud, that for days she didn't even try to get away. Finally, though, she got so she was more afraid of Morley than she was of the snakes and she ran into the swamp and found her way to the Madisons. She was torn and scratched with brambles from head to foot and her feet were all cut and bleeding — Morley had taken away her shoes — and she was covered with black swamp mud.

She and Isaac went to town on the boat and got married. All the neighbors were down on Morley, even the Potters, for Ruthy's mother was as much related to the Potters as the Blackburns were. But after a while Morley went to Isaac and said he was sorry, and what a pity it was they couldn't be friends because it made his wife feel so badly to be cut off from her own child. Wouldn't Isaac let Ruthy go to see her mother? Isaac didn't see any reason why she shouldn't go, so he took his shotgun and Ruthy and went up to his father-in-law's house.

When they got there Morley was sitting in the yard. Ruthy went into the house to see her mother and Isaac sat down on a log. Morley talked and joked and Isaac laid aside his gun to light his pipe. Quick as a flash, Morley pulled a gun from behind him. Isaac threw himself on him and the two of them struggled and fought all over the place. Isaac got the gun away from him and then Morley picked up an axe. Isaac got that away from him too and threw it on the ground.

By that time they had worked around to the log Isaac had been sitting on and Morley made a dash and picked up Isaac's gun. Isaac grabbed up the axe he had just let go and swung it right down on Morley, the way you would cut down a tree, with all his strength.

Well, that was the end of Morley Blackburn. They came for me to look at him. One look was enough for me. He was as near as anything in two pieces, from his crown to his middle. Isaac was a powerful man and used to swinging an axe.

THE sheriff came and took Isaac to the county seat. We didn't think he would be held, it was so plainly self-defense. But the Potters took sides against him and testified that there had been bad blood between the two men for years, and so he was tried for murder. Harry went to St. Catherine for the trial. He was a character witness for Isaac, and well for Isaac too, I expect, for there

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was no believing either side. They all lied like Trojans, the Madisons as much as the Potters. Still, the judge understood them pretty well, I imagine. It was Judge Bushnell. The Bushnells have had a grove down below Tortosa since before the Civil War, and that's where he was brought up, so he ought to know them.

Anyhow, Isaac was acquitted and afterwards he and Ruthy settled down on a little grove further up the river. They've done well, too. They have a nice family of children and Isaac owns a boat, the *Sally J*, and carries freight as far as Piney Hammock. It's a good boat, but here lately he put a new engine in it, and now you never know whether he'll get there at six tonight or noon tomorrow, or when.

"THINGS are better now than they used to be," I said to George.

"Well, maybe so," he said. "But there's still plenty of Potters."

Yes, back in the woods you do see them, the same old shacks, and the swarms of children running around, eating sweet potatoes out of their hands.

"But they don't do the awful things they used to," I said.

"Once a Potter always a Potter," said George. "They'd do 'em if they had a chance. So would old man Jessup if he wasn't flat on his back, and that's where we expect to find him."

When we got to the fork above the Jessup place, a woman was standing by the side of the road.

"It's Hattie Jessup," said George.

"Now don't say anything to hurt her feelings, George," I said.

"You don't fool Hattie about old man Jessup," said George. "She's lived with him too many years. Her mother was all right."

It's true, Hattie's mother was a nice woman. I cannot understand how a woman as nice as Martha Jessup could have a man like Joe Nick for a husband. He might be bad when she got him, but she could improve him. But Martha was so soft. Not like me. I never would have stood a man like Joe Nick. I never would.

WHEN we came up to Hattie, George stopped the car and we took her in.

"Will you go in and see pa, Mrs. Ames?" she wanted to know.

"Is he really worse," I said, "or is it just a tantrum? You mustn't mind my saying that, Hattie. I've known your father more years than you have."

"I don't mind," said Hattie. "Goodness knows he's hard to do for. But he was taken bad this time. He stopped swearing."

"What!" roared George.

I looked at him. Hattie gave a little laugh and I was glad she took it so well. I was provoked at George.

My husband was gentle spoken and my father was too, so perhaps I am not a judge of profanity. But Joe Nick's swearing was famous in the country around. My brother came down to visit us one winter and he was used to rough men, but he said never in all his days had he listened to such a flow of bad language as Joe Nick had. The only time it was ever known to check was when he had the yellow fever. All through the fever, whenever he could talk at all,

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he swore and swore. Then he got better and was sitting up and he had the ravenous unreasonable appetite they get after yellow fever. He wanted a dish of pork chops and he was bound he'd have it. The doctor had told Martha not to give him a mouthful of solid food, but Joe Nick swore and threw everything in reach and carried on like a wild animal and at last she gave in to him. Martha was so soft. He had his dish of pork chops and he ate them and an hour after he had a relapse. For days and days he was sick enough to die and that was the time he stopped swearing. He didn't begin again until he'd been up a month, so I heard.

We pulled up at the Jessup place and Hattie and I got out.

"Aren't you coming in, George?" said Hattie.

"I'll stay here in the car," said George.

Hattie sighed. "Well, I know how you feel," she said. "I suppose pa will carry on, but I guess I can stand it."

"Remember, mother," said George, "we've got to get home tonight."

"Yes, you don't have to tell me," I said. My children think I talk far too much when I'm with people, though they never say so in plain words.

Joe Nick seemed to be getting a good deal of satisfaction out of dying. In my time I have seen many people when they came to die and I must say he took it better than most. I looked at him and thought how wicked he had been, but I couldn't see that it showed on him. He lay there in a good bed, all nice and clean, with his white hair spread out on the pillow. His hair turned white early and he grew a beard to go with it. I used to think it made the things he did worse than ever, for him to look like a prophet out of the Bible and then to be so bad.

"Well," he said, "it's Mrs. Ames. I suppose you came up to see if I was dead and laid away. Fooled you, didn't I?" He laughed till he couldn't get his breath and Hattie had to lift him up in the bed to ease him.

The poor old thing. He's older than I am, though not much, and for two years he has been like that, not able to stir out of his bed. I don't know but it's as good a punishment as any for a sinful life. It certainly would be for me. But pshaw, I've seen enough in my time to know that a stroke is as likely to come on the righteous as on the wicked. Poor Hattie. I believe her father's sickness is harder on her than it is on him. She never dares to leave him for a minute, unless she can get one of the others to stay with him, and they can usually find an excuse for not being able to come.

"I ain't ever been a well man," Joe Nick was saying, "since the winter of nineteen and eight."

I felt like telling him that if he hadn't set fire to our packing house that winter he might have kept his health. He fell into the river off the Habershams' dock. It was a cold, windy night and he caught pneumonia. He always said he was coming home from his sister's house and Janey backed him up. But it's my opinion that he was running away from our place to get to Janey's

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and have her say he had been there all night. The Habersham waterfront was no way to go from Janey Madison's house to the Jessups', but it made a short cut from our packing house to the road.

Old Jessup rambled on and I sat beside his bed, only half listening to what he was saying. He was my enemy for a great many years and if he was up and doing I make no doubt he would be my enemy still. He got real enjoyment out of his wickedness. Harry used to say old Jessup was what the insurance policies call an act of God and it was no use to worry about what he would do next. I don't know how many times I have declared I'd have him arrested. But it wouldn't have done a bit of good. He could get all his relations — and he had a whole regiment of them — to swear that he was in Clay City or Mayport or any place he told them to and probably if there was a jury three-quarters of them would be Jessup cousins. And, as Harry would say, we'd get home from the trial to find our trees girdled and our house in ashes.

My children and especially George can't understand why I go to see the old man when we are up at the grove. Sometimes I even think I enjoy it, if they only knew. I suppose it's un-Christian, but it gives me a feeling of satisfaction to see him flat in bed and know that I needn't be afraid of him ever any more. Still, that isn't the only reason. I get to thinking how we fought each other when we were young and strong and now there is no more fighting for either of us. He is a part of my young days and Harry's, as much a part of them as the good people and the pleasant things that happened.

He never has known any place but Tortosa and the country around and he talks about the things that went on forty years ago as if they were yesterday. I can live my life over again listening to him. My Harry is alive and we are young and our children are little. Sometimes we think we have more trouble than we can bear but perhaps it only makes us love each other more. We have each other, no matter what happens we have each other, and nothing else really matters. Well.

George would be tired waiting. "I'll be up again before the summer is over, Joe Nick," I said. "George will bring me up."

"I don't reckon to be here," said the old man.

"Good-bye," I said. "Hattie will take good care of you."

"See you in Heaven, Mrs. Ames," he cackled.

If George could hear him!

"Well, I'm sure I hope so, Jessup," I said.

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John's Adventures in Education

By His Mother

Anonymous because of frankness involving others, a worried parent compares her son's school experience abroad and at home, to the detriment of the latter

It is because I believe that there are a great many other American parents agitated by problems similar to mine, that I have the temerity to consider my own experiences in the education of my children of enough interest to commit them to writing. At the outset it is only fair to admit that I am "old-fashioned," if having a love and respect for the finest cultural products of all the ages is in 1929 (as I am beginning to fear!) "old-fashioned."

As in thousands of other homes, in 1918, we lost our "Daddy." John was then three and a half and Betty not yet two. I had to get a job—a thing no woman in our family had ever attempted before and for which I had no better preparation than one of the best boarding schools and five years in the Country Club set of an opulent Eastern city can give. I returned to my native State and settled in a town which harbors one of the two or three most famous of American universities. You see, even so long ago, I was looking ahead to the years when John would want an education.

For six years I worked, and spent what few spare hours I could in graduate study as a special student in psychology and sociology. I found time to direct the first steps in the education of the two young things left entirely to my care. I sent John to a private kindergarten and on through the grades, transferring him for two years to a public school where he learned something of life but, at the same time, such slovenly English that it was years before he fully recovered from the experience. Betty followed in her brother's footsteps.

During those years I read many of the best books in our language aloud to the children. I told them stories of the famous men and women of history. We studied the Bible together as the greatest cultural and spiritual source of our civilization. I took them to the galleries in our college town and to the larger ones of New York and Washington. In my wholly inadequate way I taught them all I could of nature and art, of beauty and breeding. My father, who was a Harvard man, college and law, back in the eighteen-

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eighties, had done something similar for me. But I tried to add science to what he had taught me. I endeavored to make the children see science as the romance of our age.

THEN when John was nine and Betty nearly eight I remarried. My second husband was a well-known English novelist and critic. We moved to London. With greater trepidation than I showed I allowed John to be sent to a boarding school, as is the custom over there with boys of eight and nine. We devoted a good deal of thought to the particular school and finally, upon the recommendation of a friend, a well-known poet and short-story writer who himself is a master in a famous preparatory school in England, we sent John off to a delightful school by the sea. He didn't like it. The boys called him a "Yankee" and "Uncle Sam." He was the first American boy that most of them had ever seen; certainly the first who had ever attended the school which was patronized almost entirely by the sons of "country gentlemen." He was miserably home-sick at first, but he stayed. I had tried to teach John among other things that seeing a thing through was of primary importance. He stayed, and after the first term he was reasonably happy. At the end of the first year he won nearly all the athletic silver cups the school gives the Juniors; the high jump, the long jump, running, swimming, "throwing the cricket ball," rifle shooting (he was by far the best shot they had ever had in the school). And he topped it off by securing the big challenge cup for that year. He was popular; the boys had forgotten that he was a "Yankee," and he made many warm friends. There was an atmosphere of simplicity and genuine culture at this little school. It was for that we had selected it and we felt we had chosen well. The years John spent there were filled with the culture of the ages. He learned Latin, not for an examination, but for the joy (in anticipation, to be sure!) of reading Ovid and Virgil and all that great company of antiquity. He learned French well (we supplemented his school by holidays in France). But what was to me most important was the thoroughness of his instruction, the leisure and simplicity of his life. He read widely and memorized reams of our best literature, and he learned to speak his native tongue with a pleasing low-pitched voice.

DON'T think John was a prig. Far from it! He was, I then thought, "a regular American boy." He learned to skate and ski in Switzerland and became very proficient. He was uncertain whether he wanted to be a second "Bill" Tilden or a second Mark Twain. He had no "side," and was apparently gregarious and a good-mixer. He certainly made friends everywhere: in school in England, in hotels in Switzerland, among the Swiss and Belgians and French, or with anyone who could bowl and skate and "talk".

When John was thirteen he passed his entrance examinations to the English Public Schools ("Public," as nearly everyone knows, only in name). But after careful deliberation his father and I decided that, being an American boy, his future education ought to be in his own country.

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I felt he was too young to enter High School; so we decided on an intervening year on the Continent. We travelled in France and Italy. I had the best of native tutors and both John and his sister (who had not gone to school, but had a governess, as is the English custom for girls) learned to speak French very well, and some Italian. We studied the history of Rome and Italy and France just as we had previously studied the history of America and England. We tried to understand the psychology of the different nations and to smother the slightest feeling of prejudice based on the fact that they were foreigners. John succeeded in this better than Betty did. Women are traditionally the conservative sex and Betty is no exception.

We had altogether a glorious year, and I returned triumphantly with my children, proud and pleased that they actually cared (no pretending!) for the exquisite paintings, the magnificent sculpture and architecture of Europe; proud that they loved the French and Italian languages and were ambitious to perfect themselves so that they could read Dante and Molière, Cavalcanti, Ariosto, Montaigne, Corneille and all the rest of the immortals in the languages in which these had written. I almost forgot to say that John had developed so much self-reliance that he had travelled twice alone from Geneva (where we had been attending sessions of the League) to London.

As I said, I returned triumphant with my children to my native land. I felt that I had started them on the desirable broad path of deep and true culture. They were tolerant of manners and customs and ideas different from their own. They had studied history in the making in Geneva and London and Paris. They had seen the ways of the Fascisti in Italy and the methods of Ramsay MacDonald's Government in England. They had thrilled to Lindbergh's daring flight, and were not blind to the esteem it had brought America at a moment when this country was not so popular abroad. They were, I believed, normal, well-bred, educated children.

I was now faced with the problem of American schools. I hoped that my son would follow my father's footsteps to Harvard. Betty has shown unusual art talent, so we are looking into the future for a college which will allow her to combine art with the regular curriculum. I thought and still think (though with less assurance) that we have found for her a splendid preparatory school and an old New England college which will admit her art. She has not yet started, as some tutoring was necessary to prepare her for the freshman class of an American school.

It was different with John. We were fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship for him from one of the best and most famous preparatory schools in New England. We met and talked with the acting headmaster, a charming, understanding man. We went carefully over the school. Its equipment is magnificent. The natural setting, the grounds, the buildings in the old Colonial style, form a perfect background for a cultural existence. We were entranced. So was John.

We accompanied him on his first

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day. We then had a further talk with the delightful headmaster. John was anxious to continue his Italian. The arched eyebrows of the master were involuntarily raised before he replied courteously: "We don't teach Italian here, I'm afraid. We have Spanish instead. Spanish has a commercial value today. We don't have any boys who care about Italian, you see. . . ."

But John wasn't planning to go into commerce. There was the rub.

YES, we did see. It was the first jar I had experienced. But I realized that no language is all-important and that there was plenty of time in later life for John to perfect Italian if he chose to do so. We had been fortunate enough to obtain for our boy a scholarship at this wonderful school and must not haggle over details.

The master accompanied us to John's future room, saying as we walked along pathways lined with stately trees resplendent in their brilliant autumnal reds and golds, "I have chosen for John a boy a year or two older than he, but one who is less mature. It will, I believe, do both of them good. His roommate is the son of the owner of the —— —— (here he named a famous newspaper), so you can feel that John is living with a boy from one of the most cultured homes in America."

We had by this time reached John's room, a truly delightful haven with two windows opening to wide vistas. John's eyes shone. His usual mischievous smile had momentarily disappeared, due to restraint. He was rather shy, I could see, but I felt sure that his gay nonsensical buoyancy would soon bubble forth as usual.

"These,"—it was the master speaking again—"are photographs of Mr. and Mrs. —— the parents of the boy." He lifted two immense framed photographs from the chiffonier. "Isn't she a handsome woman?"

I looked into the refined, grave and lovely face of a woman a little older than I. "Indeed, she is!" I assented heartily. We talked a bit more, said good-bye to John who was cheerfully arranging his belongings while he hummed a tune and, accompanied by the master, returned to our waiting taxi.

"I tell you what your boy needs," he said as we parted. "He needs to get his feet on the ground! If he weren't athletic, he wouldn't last a day here with our five hundred real American boys, but the fellows can put up with anything if only a boy's athletic!"

He spoke with knowledge and conviction. I am afraid we assented rather feebly. But we certainly parted without any real misgivings.

THE very next week came a special delivery from John. A strange letter for him to write. An S.O.S. "You and dad will understand. Come up at once, I beg of you. It's too intangible to write about. I don't quite know how. But I'm sure you'll understand."

We went.

The sun was just setting amid a blaze of many-colored clouds, the crepuscular shadows slowly obscured the distant hills. It was a setting for a philosopher, a painter, a poet. I drew a breath of sheer joy at its beauty. My husband went into the dormitory to find John.

He found him alone behind a

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closed door writing, writing, covering sheets of paper with his desperate appeal. He brought the boy out to me. We walked up and down in the cool autumn twilight. And John told his story, disconnected, and in a voice so charged with emotion that he could scarcely control it.

"Yes, my roommate's kind," he said in answer to our question. "He's taken me about everywhere. He hasn't let me alone a minute. Taken me to place after place where I don't want to go . . . Oh, I hate him!"

JOHN'S eyes blazed with a light I had seen in them only once before, years ago, when we were explaining to him (as a plea against barbarous wars) that during the Renaissance, though there was fighting and continual war, there was also art, so that even in the midst of their wars they carved beautiful tables and chairs; and John had replied: "To be honest, dad, I'd rather kill people than carve chairs!" No, our son wasn't "arty," he wasn't high-brow; he was and is a normal intelligent boy who wants to occupy his mind as well as his body. But to go on with his story: "The boys here are impossible . . . they play jazz records all the time so a fellow can't read or think. All they do is to read cheap magazines and listen to vacant music."

"How about athletics, son?"

"Oh, I have that sometimes . . . but the fellows don't like me any better than I like them . . . they say I'm 'queer'! I've heard them. Each one has a dozen suits and all they talk about or care about is money and automobiles . . ."

"And as you haven't either, you feel rather out of it?" interpolated my husband with a whimsical smile.

"Oh, you know I don't care about that, dad," protested John. "I wouldn't have all those clothes and things if I could. There's no sense to it. But they don't like anything I do. They hate pictures and books, unless they've never heard of them. Oh, they are decent and good-natured, mother, but it isn't that. They don't care about anything we do. I'll never have a real friend." His eyes had a far-away look. I knew he was recalling the friends across the Atlantic.

We talked with the Head. He was pleasant and sympathetic, but I could see that his conception of life and mine were as diametrically opposed as the Poles. "John's roommate has been splendid," he commenced with enthusiasm. "I wanted to see what we had taught the boy about the spirit of service. He's put himself out for John in a really fine way, unusual for the only son of such wealthy people . . ."

"But . . ." I started to protest.

"YOUR boy's got to get all these notions out his head," he went on, "and get his feet on the ground. The sooner the better. We're going to make a regular American boy out of him; you needn't worry (he must have caught an expression of concern on my face), a he-man's what you want, a mixer. There's no place for individualists at this school. They've all got to get into the crowd and stay there."

"'Um . . ." murmured my husband, rather vaguely.

Are we to laugh or to cry? And what are we to do with John? He is an obedient boy. Shall we coerce him

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into returning, or shall we have him tutored for Harvard, living in the hope that it will be different there? Recent articles by James Truslow Adams and Mr. De Voto haven't exactly added to our confidence that college will be any better. I say "better," but should I?

It seems to me to be entirely a question of values. Values, as I understand them, are changeless and ageless; they are the basic factors without which cultured, civilized life cannot be maintained. Surely values are no different now from those in the great age of American literature, the age of Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Emerson, Whitman and the other giants; no different from those in Greece before the birth of Christ.

BEAUTY, intelligence and character are values which seem to me permanent. Money is, of course, necessary and desirable; but is it true that money, and money only, is coming to usurp the entire mind and desire of the country which once produced great things of the spirit? We are told at the school, and in all honesty, that "Money doesn't count here!" In the sense the headmaster meant it, it doesn't; but it is so inherent a part of the life and consciousness of every boy (and of every parent, I presume) that they themselves don't realize how entirely their concern is with material things: automobiles, clothes, athletics, good times, jazz, cheap stories of adventure, which pander to the native desire of youth for a wholesome excitement we otherwise deny it.

My friends are astonished to hear that John at his English preparatory school received three-pence a week allowance, and as a special treat, sixpence at half-term holiday, which comes three times during each year. When John told some of the boys at school about it, he was greeted with storms of mirth; but he stoutly protested that it had been enough; and he added to us that he'd been far happier with his three-pence (and so had his friends) than were these boys with their ridiculous preoccupation with material things.

WHY is it, we keep asking ourselves, that American schools seem no longer to be schools in the old sense? The morning from about nine to twelve-thirty is given up to classes, and there is a further study hour. "Trots" are in constant use. One day John had discovered one of the boys absorbed in Lamb's *Essays;* or as John put it to me, "I naturally thought it was Lamb's *Essays*. It had that cover on the book." John was astonished and moved to inquire into the matter. "You *are* a sap-head!" was greeted with a guffaw. "This is Cæsar. I memorize it every day." "But . . . but . . ." stammered our young neophyte, "what do you do when they have examinations?" "Oh, that's a cinch," went on his friend airily. "They give you passages from the books you've read, and as soon as you get going it all comes back—just like sliding off a log!" "But," John asked, "what earthly sense is there in going to school if you do that?" "Ask me another!" was the cheerful response. "You aren't such a boob as to think we come here to study, are you?" John was not less puzzled than the other. So different were their atti-

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tudes, they might, to all intents and purposes, have spoken different languages.

One could make actual criticisms of the teaching, but it is outside the scope of this article. American teachers of French who can't even pronounce the language and who aren't conversant with the idioms are somewhat compensated for, *perhaps*, by their good intentions. But it is not the lack of genuine culture on the part of the teachers which worried us so much as the entire atmosphere of vacantness. That is the only word. The lives of those boys are vacant. Not that they would agree! For them the spending of money in aimless pursuits of which they tire on the morrow, the spending of their precious youth in listening to jazz records and reading dime novels between games of baseball and the club-meetings and entertainments which are scheduled for nearly every night, are matters of course.

"What else is any fun?"

Apparently, the aim of life is fun. And apparently the sole aim of our present-day schools is to keep the children happy. Feed them as they would be fed at an expensive New York hotel, shelter them in expensive buildings, surround them with every "simple" luxury. A plentitude of anything and everything but education. I presume that explains why "extras" are double the fees (which heaven knows are large enough!).

Of the permanent great values only "service" seems to have a place today. And what a travesty it is! Doing things for people, trying to add to their happiness, but always in your own way, never considering their point of view. As John says: "I can't ever really like the boys, mother. The difference is fundamental!"

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The Intelligent Sex

By Edna Yost

Even yet we women cringe when people call us Intellectuals. For intellectuality seems to imply a certain austerity and self-control which, although they may be assets to a man, are social liabilities to a woman. With few exceptions we women want to be liked by men; so, for the same reason that they may tilt their chins a bit at the implication of a superior intellect, we often cringe. Inherently we do not desire any more than they do a quality which is likely to limit pleasant contacts with the other sex.

Let me, at the outset, illustrate as simply as possible something of the distinction between intelligence and intellectuality. We may call a dog intelligent, but never intellectual. A normal human being nowadays may be both intellectual and intelligent. Shedding that part of the newer psychology which is claiming there is no such thing as instinct, we think of intelligence as having something to do with instinct; while intellectuality has to do solely with brain. This distinction has been generally enough accepted for me to believe that I am not being arbitrary when I say that when intellectual processes are tempered by an instinctive understanding of life and human nature, the result is intelligence rather than intellectuality.

Women are great appreciators. We are playing such a fundamental rôle in the creation of the race that we like it enough to try to understand it. Hence our appreciation of man — a logical result of our attempts to understand him. We have been slower in our appreciation of each other. Not for very long have we been permitted to know each other except superficially. Our general history has been one of domesticity, but with the privilege of knowing one man intimately.

Then we found ourselves in colleges and other revealing associations with women. We began to know and like each other, too. And to discover that we had brought out of our domesticity a superior intelligence about life that was rather upsetting to the hero worship which had prevailed in our homes. Strong-minded women arose who, interpreting our intelligence as both the capacity and desire for intellectuality, called upon us to explode the myth of man's superior mentality. It may be that the myth was exploded, at least so far as individual women were concerned. But when the smoke cleared away and we looked around at the results we were appreciative, but on the whole not much interested in keeping up the

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fray. Intellectuality, of and by itself, did not appeal to us — for ourselves, I mean. It was a sun, brilliant but without warmth; life, with the heart of it cold and unthrobbing.

I DO not know where the human race came from or exactly where it is going. But what we have been, individually and collectively, has much to do with what we now are. Nature has allowed or forced men and women to develop along different lines; and woman, as a sex, has developed an intelligence superior to man's because of the rôle she has been forced to play. She does not deserve any especial credit for it. Nor does it make of her the superior sex. But it does make her want to be understood by man; for her intelligence tells her that it is only through mutual understanding that the integrity of the home can be secured and preserved, and we women do believe keenly in the home and family as an essential unit for social life today.

It is in the rôle of an appreciator that I venture these few thoughts and opinions on the intelligent sex. I have a tremendous respect for women, equalled only by my respect for men. We have a lot to learn from each other. A little more mutual understanding and less stupid antagonism would be good for both of us.

I often wonder how men would have talked and acted had it been their privilege to bear the race. Suppose Nature had selected them, instead of us, for the leading rôle in her pageant of life. With their ancient ability to have made out of woman's superior biological function arguments tending to prove her inferiority, surely they would have been able to make much cleverer and more unanswerable arguments of their own superiority had they but been endowed with the superior function to begin with. The astounding arguments for woman's inferiority presented by learned gentlemen of the last century in answer to her demands for such a privilege, for instance, as a wife's right to the money she might earn by taking in washing or keeping boarders, are proof of man's ability to intellectualize about life with a surprisingly small amount of vital intelligence. I think it must always remain a tribute to woman's intelligence that, knowing her superior importance in the scheme of life, her historic claim has been for recognition of equality only. Being the mothers of men has been an experience to keep her humble while it made her proud.

SO LOATH have men been to admit an intellectual capacity in women that they still often attribute to a mysterious gift called "woman's intuition" what is in reality downright intelligence of a high order. Just where the line can be drawn separating pure instinct, if there is such a thing, or intuition from intellectual capacity and mental processes, I do not know; but woman uses a thinking head much more than she has been given credit for. Her intelligence lies in the subtle mingling of cold knowledge with human understanding, and it is in woman's ability and willingness to temper her intellectual processes with an understanding of human nature that she mystifies man. Could he but admit

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that there is less mystery and more all-around thought involved in her processes, he might lose some of his fear of her intelligence with the increase of his respect for it. As long as men lazily or stubbornly prefer to look upon women as creatures not to be understood, they are preferring to make mysteries of them. Which is their privilege, of course; but in exercising it they cannot avoid creating foolish and disastrous fears.

HENCE continues man's fear of woman — which she does not reciprocate. The occasional antagonistic spinster or misanthrope of a wife may be nursing the fear that men are just waiting for the chance to grind us all under their heels, but the great majority of us are content to watch the world move on with an inner assurance that we are moving with it and have nothing of this sort to be afraid of. We know we cannot change men. Our supreme business is to live our own lives as completely as we can, coöperating in accordance with Nature's plan. As we see and feel ourselves grow through our own efforts, we believe men, too, are growing through theirs. Faith in ourselves helps to give us faith in others. An intelligent hope in our future creates a hope in theirs. And love, which is our response to that which we have so intimately helped to create, casts out fear. We fear men less because we love them more.

It was because woman was cast in the rôle which developed her capacity for love in its broadest sense that she grew in a sympathetic understanding of the race (necessary as a foundation for intelligence) before she learned the multiplication table. But by the time man was passing on into intellectual long division and fractions, he looked back and saw her learning to add and subtract. It threw him into a fright. He was not afraid *of* her, necessarily, but afraid *for* her and for the race. The rôle in which he had been cast had allowed him to develop his intellectual processes before he grew much in human understanding. As "Love is for man a thing apart," intellect, too, had become for him a thing apart from the great realities of life; so his reasoning about woman, whom he dominated but never tried to understand, which may have been logical from a coldly intellectual standpoint, was lacking in intelligence. He was afraid of what was going to happen when the natural development of her intellect began. He said so frankly and persistently, and fear is not highly intelligent.

TO ME it seems a supreme achievement that women have dared and been able to break through the prejudices — I might almost say the insulting prejudices — that grew out of men's fear and still feel as they do about the human race. Admittedly it has not been a highly intellectualized achievement. We have been compelled to temper our intellectual processes with love to do it. Nor has it been an easy thing to do. I cannot accept that our development is entirely because we are as we are and cannot be any different. To meet prejudice with prejudice is, I believe, quite as easy for women as to meet it with understanding. So it may be we have had a choice. But, whether the path over which we have come was of necessity or choice, our progress

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through the morass of unnatural, man-made prejudices has developed a surprisingly small number of embittered, man-hating women; and, like voting, it hasn't unsexed us a whit!

Now in spite of, or on account of, the development of a superior intellect in man, he remained rather adolescent in some of his human relationships, particularly with women. Time was when this was a highly satisfactory quality, for as long as an intellectual gap existed between man and woman, we found compensation in his emotional immaturity. But now that the gap is fast closing we women are beginning to strain a bit in our attempts to hold our admiration for the adolescent grown-up male. Not that we want him to be like us. Heaven forbid! We just find it hard to be satisfied with so much arrested development in the other fine half of the human race. We had once been unsatisfied with our own lack of mental development. It is not illogical that we are not now happy at man's unwillingness to grow up all around and be a man. There is something irrevocable in women that cries out for the complete, the mature man. We cannot mate gloriously with little boys.

Women have long been accused of a lack of intelligence in dealing with man's propensities for philandering. Again, "Love is for man a thing apart," and the wise wife forgives and forgets, we have been taught. After all, men are just little boys grown big. They may need to be spanked, they tell us winsomely, but there is nothing vicious about them. I honestly think we agree with them there. That is what bothers us most in this matter of man's straying from the so-called path of virtue. It is the adolescence, the little-boyishness of his attitude about it. We women want the possibility of playing the great game of love and it cannot be played with children. The laws man made to safeguard his own freedom from responsibility in the matter of illegitimacy, for instance, especially when he was guarding woman zealously from irreligious information on birth control, are monuments to the adolescent side of the male. To assure protection at the expense of children is an attitude more childish than vicious. Acceptance of responsibility comes only with maturity.

I MENTION this attitude of his toward illegitimacy because I believe that in the subjugation of man's intelligence by his physical desires lie the roots of something that helps to keep all of life on an adolescent level. When men took the pains to legalize their immunity from the consequences of certain very personal acts at the expense of children, and at the same time never wavered from their intellectual ideal of the sanctity of the home and family, they gave evidence of a tragic inner conflict that has been a destructive force in their development. In attempting to achieve a separation of part of their sex life from their intellectual or spiritual life, they actually achieved a separation in their own personalities. Hence their ability to intellectualize about ideas and ideals that the complete man felt no necessity for striving to attain. Now, as was our wont, we women took them seriously.

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Maybe that was where the trouble started! At any rate, when we were nothing but wives and mothers, secluded in a domestic existence and knowing very little of life outside the home, they told us about their ideals for the home but not about their whole life outside it. Those ideals seemed good to us, partially, I believe, because they protected the race. For the sanctity of the home to us meant the sanctity of the other woman's home as well as of our own. It was somewhat of a shock when, emerging eventually from our sheltered existence, we realized we had either misunderstood or been duped.

THIS conflict of man's intellectual or spiritual ideal with his physical reality, raging today as always, is evidence of his failure to mature emotionally. It is not for woman to say what men are capable of, but pussy-footing about it will never be beautiful in the masculine male. If men are not capable of sincerity in striving to attain their much-talked of ideal of the sanctity of the home, then let them stop prating about it, tell us the truth frankly, and give us a chance to adjust to the reality of them. If their ideal is not beyond reason and they want to preserve it, let them accept adult responsibility for all their acts and stop talking about being naughty little boys. The way out of adolescence lies in one direction or the other.

We women have a right to demand this of them because the tragedies that arise from this kind of adolescence happen not so much to us and to them but to the children of the race. And women do believe keenly in the supreme importance of the well-being of the race. We doubt if the number of children we have is of half the importance than is the spiritual quality they — and we — may be able to achieve. In spite of the War, we are still idealists about quality. We know that one of our biggest jobs is the physical one of propagation; but we can not see the logic of regulating our lives around this vital importance of the race and then not giving it its best chance once it has so importantly been propagated. As men have always demanded of us that we live our lives in a way that guards and cherishes our potential and actual motherhood, we must with equal fairness demand of them that they develop their lives in a way that takes intelligent cognizance of what they keep telling us is so important — the children. It may be a delicate compliment that they like to be mothered by us all their lives, but when men let themselves remain adolescent in their mental attitude toward women they make it easy to carry an adolescent attitude in all human relationships which is wrecking itself upon the children.

FOR example: The hypocrisy in business and industrial life today is an inevitable result of the adolescence and intellectuality which have existed side by side in men's personal lives so long. Man's work is an expression of his real self. Truly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. For men have built industry as they built their own homes — on the foundation of their ununited personalities. Mouthing loud their intellectual ideals, they have acted on the principles which were

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the mainsprings of their personal lives. The man who preached the sanctity of the home but avoided sincerity in his personal responsibility for respecting the sanctity of his neighbor's home found it easy to take advantage of his neighbor's children in industry, too.

So our industrial system arose, the perfect tribute to man's intellectuality coupled with his adolescent attitude in human relationships. Progress beyond dreams, financial success, Big and Bigger Business, the Machine Age — and labor unions! These are the results. Capital and labor, each magnificently organized for its own ends; the selfishness of man pitted against the selfishness of man — and Heaven help what happened to get between them! Which was, of course, the human race — our children.

I think we should thank God at this period of our civilization that Nature cast at least one sex in a rôle whereby, through personal suffering, the rights of the whole race seem to be worth fighting for intelligently instead of with bloodshed. We who are the weaker party physically have never dared believe that might makes right. Ours must be a permeating influence rather than a cataclysmic force. Intelligence is always like that. A superior intellect may bowl us over but intelligence wisely carries us along with it. In that latter fact, plus the fact that women have been enabled to develop a superior intelligence, lies a hope for the future.

Let me illustrate what I mean when I indicate that in woman's intelligence lies the way out and up from the adolescent, responsibility-avoiding business and industrial world which man has built. One of the last professions to be invaded by women was engineering. It was, and still is, a haven for regular red-blooded he-men. The number of accredited women engineers in this country holding positions other than as draftsmen is very small. Yet vividly in the background of the most hopeful and progressive movement within the engineering profession — the movement for the recognition that the worker is always of more importance than the work in spite of an acknowledged necessity for money-making — we find a woman.

At the famous First Conference on Scientific Management held at the Amos Tuck School, Dartmouth College, in 1911, she was introduced as "one who is working along lines apparently absolutely different from those being followed by any other worker in the scientific management field" when she arose to tell them that no management would be successful in industry permanently which aimed at increased production without taking intelligent consideration first of the health and happiness of the workers; that the job must be made to fit the man rather than the man to fit the job, and that in industry as in life the preservation of the race rather than mere production was of first importance. Into so severely masculine a field Lillian Gilbreth introduced the psychological approach — a point of view intelligent far beyond the intellectual conception of scientific management as it then was. Today no engineer in the management field dares to work

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without first of all taking recognition of the human element in industry. The whole profession undoubtedly owes part of its remarkable growth in prestige of recent years to its attempts to inculcate this once-thought-to-be feminine point of view into industrial life. Far from effeminizing the profession, it has helped to give it increased importance in life.

THIS is the kind of humanizing intelligence that women are fitted to offer the business and professional world. The menace, as I see it now, is not that women will come out of their homes to use this humanizing intelligence of theirs constructively, but that they will lazily remain in the homes that take so much less effort than they once demanded, and waste what there is so great need of in the outside world of men. Since women are entirely human, this menace of inertia does exist. In the march of civilization we are now being placed in a position in which we can avoid, for the first time, the heavy and inevitable responsibilities through which our development so largely came. Much of the work has gone out of the home and birth control has come into it. There is every opportunity for us to be, in comparison with the woman of fifty years ago, lazy parasites. Nature gave to primitive man the first opportunity for "getting out from under," and civilized man has handed it over to us. We can get something for nothing now, too. Our power to attract man remains. The physical necessity for washing his shirts and bearing his children has gone. We can eat our cake and have it too! Moreover, we like the cake. And if man continues to stand obstinately against any feeble legitimate efforts we make to use some of our intelligence and energy outside the home, he is likely to find himself slaving for a race of cake-eating women.

WHAT makes woman's position so very dangerous today is that our eyes have been opened to the fact that we have swallowed considerable bunk and bluff handed out to us by men. Why not retaliate, now that we have the opportunity? Moreover, our Twentieth Century impulse is to measure results with the materialistic yardstick. Man, admittedly, has the better of us from this point of view. Maybe his easier way of not being his brother's keeper is the better way after all. But then we look deeply into the hearts of men whom we love, and the impulse to shirk is at war with this thing within us which is our intelligence. With all respect to them, we hope something better is possible. If they have found happiness, it is an adolescent kind of happiness that could never mean anything very vital to us. Intelligence demands that we at least make the attempt to accept our complete responsibilities. But we are lazy; that is our conflict; and except when financial or other necessity pushes us on, we are prone to listen to the seductive phrases with which men woo us into lethargy. We, who not only possess a superior intelligence, but have within us the tremendous power which has resulted from our more unified inner lives, are not naturally equipped with a strong, aggressive desire to hew new constructive channels as an outlet for that power. The rôle in which

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Nature cast us so long ago developed in us no keen wish to overthrow what our fathers and brothers have set up. Our preference is to have them want us to work with them rather than to force ourselves in where we are feared and not wanted. We want understanding and coöperation rather than antagonism. So, while the unusual woman here and there has found the way to contribute her intelligence to outside-the-home problems, the average woman of the home — the one on whom the future of the race depends — is being continually shunted off her half-hearted attempts to make anything like an intelligent use of all her powers.

THE world today offers a sadly humorous spectacle of man's refusal to help or to allow woman to use her intelligence outside the home even when he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by it. Look at our public schools. Here is a profession — the teaching of children — which is so obviously woman's sphere that we were granted respectability and permission to teach for money long before the dual privilege was granted us elsewhere. It soon became tragically apparent that school teachers in great numbers developed into sour-faced, cranky, narrow-minded females; and fathers, mothers, too, lamented that spinsterhood so often unfitted women for the wise handling of children in schools.

It seems logical that certain married women should have been ready and willing to remedy the situation. In limited numbers they found their way into the teaching profession wherever it was possible, and with what result? Local laws to prohibit married women from teaching school. It seems there was some economic law that might totter if married women came out of their homes, so spinsterhood was insisted upon and the children were compelled to suffer. I do not mean to suggest that unmarried women do not make good teachers. They often do. It depends largely on the individual. But if anybody is better fitted to educate children than an intelligent unmarried woman who loves them, it is a mother who loves them. And the intelligence which woman has to offer for the education of our youth will never be available as long as law and public opinion insist on an unnatural spinsterization of the teaching profession.

NOW, shallow-minded God-trusters have a way of saying that Nature, fortunately, takes care of all these problems and that since she endowed women with so passionate a desire and love for children we need not worry about what they think they want and need otherwise; that the race will look out for itself if we keep an eye on eugenics and social hygiene. There is, without a doubt, an inexorableness about Nature that makes the efforts of the individual look insignificantly small. But our insignificance is laughable only when we punily stand against Nature rather than, in understanding, try to find our places in the harmonious life flow. Man's historic efforts to define woman's place for her and then keep her in it were ludicrous because they were attempts to take Nature's job away from her and our job away from us. Becoming a part of the harmonious life flow is

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first of all an inner grace. We each must find the way alone. And, having found it, we deeply know that we are powerless to define or find it for another. I think the individual men today who have achieved this inner grace of harmony and unity realize with many of us that each sex has but one essential function in the life of the other, which is that of honest, unthwarting coöperation.

Ours is the intelligent sex, but whether we possess, too, enough stamina to prevent us from dissipating our lives and energies while we are waiting for that coöperation, I do not know. Certainly we are far from perfect. The one thing that can save us from either a lethargy that will ruin us or the waste of antagonism and misdirected efforts, will be the development of more intelligence in both sexes. So the situation is not so hopeless as it may have seemed! For intelligence is no more an exclusively feminine function than intellect is a masculine one. It just happened that, when Nature handed out her rôles, we got the one that gave us the bulge on man in the development of this particular quality. But that we do not possess exclusive rights has been shown over and over again by men whose ability to approach a sympathetic understanding of our lives leaves us with no doubt but that some of them have developed a superior intelligence, too. Nor are they a whit less attractive and virile than their more adolescent brothers. It is the leaven of this group of men which may be able to permeate society enough to open the way to that unthwarting coöperation in which lies harmony for all.

Too much emphasis has been placed on the destructive tendencies of Feminism and not enough on what effect the development of man's intelligence will have upon Feminism. The danger from any tremendous force lies in not giving it the right direction quickly enough. Woman, being intelligent, wants man's coöperation in the direction of the power and energy she bears; and if men are not too proud to learn from her how to handle human nature, a vast deal will be accomplished in helping to give her a wise outlet, and doing it soon.

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I am a Clergyman

By Robert Y. Davis

One who served as reporter and soldier before he entered the ministry, confesses to recent doubts, not of the Faith but of its preachers

I am a clergyman. To some that means a spiritual father; to others a sort of glorified, indispensable busybody; to the intelligentzia a fool, and to the majority a preacher. Various other classifications are too numerous to mention. Taken altogether we are looked upon as a queer lot and I am not so sure but that we are. It was a hard jolt for me to realize this, but if ever the ministry needed humility and a thorough taking of stock it is now.

This is not to be a confession that I am so disillusioned I can no longer go on with my profession and propose to join the ranks of those who can't or won't stand the gaff and seek other fields. To my mind, to pursue such a course would simply be to furnish another example of a moral and spiritual coward. On the contrary, a recognition of certain facts has served to spur me on to greater endeavors for Christ and His Kingdom. Great joy, unlimited opportunities and much of sheer romance are in store for the minister who is willing to emulate the example of Christ.

Some years ago I was a reporter on a daily newspaper in a seaport city of the Southeast. When the war came on I left to enlist. While in the army I was very fortunate in becoming associated with a splendid chaplain who had for years worked among the students of Yale University. Although I had often thought of the ministry as a vocation, I had never been able to make up my mind definitely about it. In fact, I didn't have the spiritual courage boldly to venture forth; but my chaplain helped me to reach the final decision. Following my discharge, I attended a seminary, was graduated, ordained and sent out to minister to an unsuspecting flock. It has not been a bed of roses nor has it been all thorns by any means.

It is my desire to state simply and plainly what I conceive to be the fundamental reasons why men and women are so little concerned about the church. In this article I am, so to speak, throwing aside the ministerial garb and again taking up the rôle of a reporter and observer. Some time ago I sat in the office of a physician,

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listening to words of caution and advice. I had had a physical breakdown due to strain and overwork incident to the building of a new church. I was struck by the following keen and analytical statements which are a most pertinent commentary on religious conditions today:

"There is entirely too much promotion stuff in the church. When you go back to work, stop trying to be a promoter and give your entire time to the spiritual needs of your people. I am a Christian and have given freely of my time to the church, but it has been mainly along the lines of promotion work. I am through with that sort of thing. From now on I shall try to make my efforts count for something really worthwhile."

THOSE plain, unvarnished words woke me up and I began to cast around to ascertain if the church had really reached such a condition. Unquestionably it has. Read the church page of any newspaper in almost any town, large or small, and note the topics of the sermons. They are calculated to give intelligent people mental and spiritual indigestion. Silly catch-titles to lure people to insipid discourses which contain very little spiritual or intellectual food, all in a desperate attempt to get the largest congregation, to be known as a popular parson, a good mixer and a hail-fellow-well-met.

The brand of religion which is being preached from the average pulpit is on a par with the synthetic gin which is being drunk by the leading elder who sits piously in his pew, fifth row from the front, centre aisle. It is so "cut" that it has no resemblance to true Christianity save in the flavor and that is barely perceptible. Drives for money to build larger auditoriums; campaigns for everything under the sun except something to deepen the spiritual life of the laity; riding the bandwagon of various movements — a multitude of silly activities which lead to nothing. Men and women are hungering for the bread of life but they are being fed with platitudes, frozen phrases and sterile anathemas. As a great clergyman has well said: "A lot of petty leaders leading people to petty things."

I AM not speaking of those few great outstanding men of the type of Bishop Manning, Dr. Fosdick, Cardinal Hayes, Dr. Cadman and Bishop Johnson. For when such men speak the people listen gladly. They are apostles with a message. Nor do I mean to include that small, devout and consecrated group who labor in season and out for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom. Walking humbly with God, giving their all to lead men and women in the way of life, fighting bravely against great odds, these men are really saving the Church from disaster. But others!

In one town of 60,000 people where I was pastor for a time I could not endure being a member of the ministerial association. Never did that body discuss problems of real moment to the church and society, but spent most of the time in meddling with things with which it had no business. Trying to prohibit a boxing match of the American Legion, getting behind silly movements and passing resolutions. I know that there will be a protest

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that I am exaggerating conditions, but I am simply recording facts and observations.

There is no use in beating about the bush on this much discussed church question. The average minister is a poor representative of the Church and Jesus Christ and if he isn't a fool he knows it deep down in his heart. The old-time, militant preacher hasn't very much in common with the modern, suave, educated, psuedo-leader. However, I believe if it were left up to me, I should prefer the former. At least the preacher of other days made a definite impress upon the age in which he lived.

THE truth of the matter is that the clergyman of today is not what he pretends or what he is supposed to be. Hypocrisy, egotism and self-righteousness prevail in an alarming degree. The parson is all at sea theologically, intellectually, and spiritually, so he makes a grand pretense of being a forward looking leader by clothing himself in the scanty attire of Modernism or taking unto himself the title Defender of The Faith in the long dresses of Fundamentalism. He hasn't the least idea what either is, but he usually goes by the appellation of one or the other. Most of the stuff he preaches is twaddle and hasn't enough hell in it to fry an egg and about enough heaven to make the average man have no desire to go there. He is imbued with the idea that he can improve upon the methods of our Lord, but in his attempt he presents a sorry spectacle. He is tossed hither and yon upon a sea of vague sentimentalism and finally is waterlogged in that vast expanse of hokum which he and his brethren have created.

One of the fundamental causes for this state of affairs is that the theological student is bottle-fed in seminary and is not trained in the art of his profession. He does not know the science of ministering to the spiritual needs of mankind. He has not been taught to put first things first, to lift up Christ to the world and to be a spiritual leader and father.

Clerical ethics gave me quite a shock when I became an initiate. There is no particular emphasis upon spiritual values, but great effort is exerted to induce people to become members of the Church, even if it be in name only. Every sort of persuasion is used and questionable practices are indulged in to swell the roll of membership and consequently very few affiliate with the church because of definite conviction.

SOME time ago I was talking with a man in the smoking compartment of a limited train speeding southward. He spoke of uniting with a particular religious body which he admired very much. I asked him why he intended joining, and he replied that it had been his observation that men of wealth and position seemed to favor that church and he believed it would be a desirable connection. No thought of the cardinal principles of Christianity. Merely a question of expediency. Now, I do not blame that man entirely, for if that church has the reputation of being exclusive it is because the clergy of that religious body have listened to the voice of Mammon and have not made it a powerful factor in the

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changing of men's hearts and lives.

Many clergymen use their parishes as stepping stones. A grand splash is made; the parish is boosted into a semblance of great prosperity without thought for the future welfare of the people; before the froth has blown off the clergyman hears the clear notes of the bugle summoning him to "broader fields".

IT IS my humble opinion that the Church could be a mighty force in the curbing of divorce and the preservation of the home if the weak-kneed policy of officiating at all sorts of doubtful marriages were discontinued. The present ethical standard in this respect is a disgrace to Christianity. The clergy yell to high heaven about the disintegration of the home and then turn around and for a few dollars make a farce of holy matrimony.

The ingenious evangelist is still among us, though he is dying a slow but painful death. Some time ago an evangelist was holding a series of meetings under the auspices of a leading church in a city where I was pastor. Before his address he announced that he was going to play indoor baseball for the Lord and asked the audience to join in the game.

"Now this is the way the game is played," said this supposed representative of the Church. "The ushers will take the offering and when you place a quarter on the plate it will be a single; a half dollar will be a two bagger; seventy-five cents is a triple and when a dollar clinks in it's a home run."

It was a sight to behold. And this on the Lord's Day in an average American city with an audience composed of average Americans. An exceptional thing, you may say. But remember that he had been doing the same thing for a long time and there are many others of his stripe pulling stunts just as raw in the name of religion.

Another common, objectionable species is the pussy-footer who never denies, affirms or declares on any question, theological or otherwise. He is usually as docile as a lamb and about as effective. Closely akin to him is the parson of the upholstered and plush-covered parish. He looks at the world through rose-colored glasses and basks in the reflected glory of his wealthy and aristocratic parishioners. Smug, complacent, and self-satisfied to the *n*th degree, he is content to be a sort of chaplain to a select few.

THE Church is steadily losing ground in the rural communities which are the fountain head of the city church. And as for the working man, the Church has notoriously failed him. A very small percentage of this group is affiliated with any branch of organized religion. The foundation stones of the Christian Church were laid by men of lowly birth, but those whom Christ Himself chose as His associates would not get much of a hearing in a modern assembly of ministers and churchmen.

Oh! I know we talk glibly about social service, having a social consciousness, and such clap-trap before a meeting of pious women, but there is very little being done about it. Besides, the Church can work theoretically along this line till kingdom come and never get the working man

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into Church. If the working man should suddenly decide to begin attending our churches in large numbers, most church people would have heart failure, including the clergy. I believe the inability to reach the workers can be attributed to the failure of the clergy to follow the Master into the highways and byways of life and really show by the example of their lives the indwelling Christ. In other words, the religion of the Nazarene and the religion of the clergy are entirely different things.

DURING a period recently spent in a large Government hospital of some one thousand patients, I was amazed to learn that scarcely one man in fifteen who died in that institution asked for spiritual ministrations, although two chaplains are constantly on duty and are splendid men. This does not include the Roman Catholic statistics for the institution. That hospital represents a good cross section of America, for among its patients are numbered men from all walks of life. Many come from so-called Christian homes. There is something vitally wrong when such a condition exists and to my mind it is a strong indication that the ministry has fallen down.

And the cry goes up, the Church is a failure, religion is losing its hold on the masses and something must be done to turn the tide. Church unity, scrap the creeds, tear down some of the churches and concentrate resources, get the young people, raise the standards of educational requirements for candidates for the ministry, enforce prohibition — these and other remedies are being suggested to alleviate a most alarming and discouraging condition. Many preachers have already adopted the plan of advertising their churches as being creedless, but I do not notice that it is necessary to call out police reserves to keep the crowds in hand.

The young people have long been the subject of much discussion and have been advanced as one of the proofs that the Church is failing. Well, no wonder! Religion is either served to them as jazz or as a cold, austere, joyless formula, devoid of any beauty or æsthetic appeal. Very little constructive training is given them. As I write, I note the subject to be discussed at a young people's meeting in one of the largest churches in town. This is the title: "Blondes and Brunettes."

VARIOUS remedies are offered for the difficulties which the Church is experiencing, but how very little is said about the clergy getting down to the real business of the spiritual cure of souls. It is all talk, talk and still more talk, plus shop worn theories. "What appears to many to be a halo, is really a fog," says Bishop Johnson. Every plan under heaven is being tried to overcome apathy and indifference to the Church except genuine Christianity. And people know it and they are not fooled by the beating of drums and the clash of cymbals.

The Church is cluttered up with efficiency experts whose chief business is devising plans for speeding up the Kingdom of God, legislating morality and ushering in the millennium through the media of high powered organizations. The gates of heaven are pried apart by the on-

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slaught of these crusaders and all one has to do is to march in, carrying aloft the banner of manufactured righteousness.

The most adroit and clever schemes are propagated for increasing parish budgets, arousing the interest of the laity and putting "pep" into spiritually starved congregations. Church boards are being so imbued with such ideas that there is being developed a standard type of minister whom the majority of congregations outwardly desire and his name is "live wire". Yet underneath this outer crust of artificial worldliness and mixed conceptions of Christianity, the average man and woman wants an honest-to-God spiritual pastor who will lead his flock beside the still waters of spiritual refreshment and into paths of righteousness and peace.

The sanctimonious garb of artificial piety must be thrown aside by the clergy and upon their shoulders must appear the yoke of Christ, borne in humility and love, before mankind will regard seriously the call of the Church. The modern minister must first be a real Christian himself and by his own life of self-sacrifice and devotion to the things of God show forth to the world the beauty and appeal of the Master's teaching. He must be a tower of spiritual strength and be able to cope intelligently with the complex problems of society; no amount of amateurish meddling in reform movements, using his pulpit for propaganda and taking upon himself the burdens of state and what not, will take the place of real spiritual leadership.

In the midst of all the confusion, few seem able to discern the voice of Him Who said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Is it not time for the clergy thoroughly to test this plan? As a reporter who has experienced some and seen much, I suggest that the parsons turn the searchlight of true Christianity upon their own lives and by the radiant beams of Christ's own Life read the verdict: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

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Jesuit Peace in Mexico

By Adam Day

A judicial observer of events below the Border calls on history to support the conclusion that the new accord with Rome is no more than a truce

"Here's a change indeed!"
Shakespeare.

Carlyle, looking up from the bed whereon Louis, surnamed the Well-Beloved, lay dying, remarked that in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; that the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing. This verity is as apropos to the agreement between the Roman Catholic Hierarchy and the Mexican Government, entered into in June, as to France on the eve of Sansculottism. The eye of history will see in the accord many things invisible *au courant*. It will see another proof of what must be regarded as a liberal-progressive policy supplanting the implacable reactionary ultramontanism so long synonymous with the Papacy. It will record that a similarly great change has come over Mexico in its disposition to compromise with its enemies instead of to shoot them down.

The reluctance of the Papacy to heed "the roll and the tremble of every new generation" is traditional. But already mutations offer in the reign of Pius XI. Diplomacy and parley are substituted for intransigence, interdiction, anathema and the sword. No wind brings the boom of cannon even faintly to the palace in the garden that was Nero's. Gold lace and silver spurs have given way, save on Court days, to the quiet tread of slippered feet and to gently modulated converse, such as priests use. To all outward appearances, His Holiness has expelled Reaction from the strongest and most ancient of its fortresses.

Yet it is noteworthy that the same instrumentality is used by Pius XI which that "frantic" reactionary, Pius IX, found so effective in arousing the Roman Catholic world in defense of the Patrimony of St. Peter — the militant Society of Jesus. One need not go beyond the Gasparri-Mussolini accord and the Ruiz y Flores-Portes Gil agreement to perceive this.

Engineered on behalf of the Church by the Jesuits, it was natural that the Mexican agreement should be hailed as a settlement of the Church Question. But nowhere in it is there a sentence or a word upon which to base such a transcendent hope.

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That it was made at all is epochal. In the past, authority in Mexico has never compromised with rebels, and especially has this been true of armed revolt there during the last three years under the banner of *El Cristo Rey* — called the Church Party in the days of Miramon. Always it was war to the death.

THE Church Question has been acute in Mexico for three-quarters of a century and is just as much an open question today and as full of dissension as at any time since the second Mexican Empire died on that red morning of June 19, 1867, in Querétaro. Indeed, its background is the conquest in 1521, when Cortez with his band of Spanish freebooters overcame the Indians of legendary Anahuac. Conquest was always for Spain and the Church co-equal — to find gold and to place the Cross. But priests of a different mold soon replaced the ascetic pioneer Franciscans with their zeal for conversion. The desire for luxury and magnificence took hold of the ruling minority — lay and cleric alike. Through the long line of Spanish kings, down to 1821, the Church acquired her *fueros* — her rights and privileges — until these represented a material wealth such as fable never attributed to Prester John. She became the Midas of the world, holding mines and vast estates and slaves.

In 1810, when the priest Hidalgo revolted against Spanish rule, the Church may be said to have owned Mexico, for Spain and the viceroyalty were subservient to her wishes. Social and religious conditions were analogous in many respects to those in Europe at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century which gave rise to the Reformation. Mexico was much further away from Rome than was Württemberg and Paris, and the Hierarchy did much as it pleased, tolerating the deeds of a priesthood which a more enlightened Europe never would have endured — not even in the days when Luther broke with the Papacy.

But it was not to purge the Church that the War of Independence was fought. Liberty-loving priests, true to the Church, headed this movement. The abuses by Hierarchy and priesthood were not recognized as such by them, who held that the order was a right and natural one and, seeing no further than liberty, fought for Mexican freedom from Spanish rule.

IN 1810 not one Mexican in a hundred thousand knew there had ever been a Reformation. Up to this time, and afterward, the Church in Mexico maintained a censorship the like of which the world has never seen. The great bulk of the population knew nothing of what the world had done or was doing. They had never known any religion save the Roman Catholic, and it dominated their lives. This power of the Church was Spain's chief weapon in crushing the revolution, to all effects and purposes, after ten years of fighting. But when Napoleon I upset the Peninsula and the Bourbons and the idea of the French Revolution invaded Spain with the Napoleonic armies, the Hierarchy was quick to see that Napoleon did not share its interests — that this republicanism was inimical to what the Church wanted.

There was a series of conferences

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in La Profesa, the Jesuit church in Mexico City and, as a result, the Hierarchy did a volte-face with its royalist policy, declaring Mexico independent of the mother country. The viceroy capitulated — it was the one thing left to do — and his successor signed the treaty in 1821 in which Spain acknowledged Mexico's independence.

THROUGH a succession of revolutions and rulers the Church continued paramount in Mexico until 1857. *Fueros* were added to those she had built up, until she collected tribute in one form or another from practically everything man did from the time he entered the world until he left it. She now owned at least half the national real estate and possessed about one-third the national treasure. Some of the churches rivaled St. Peter's in wealth.

But in 1854 a cloud appeared on the horizon in the form of a revolt by Juan Alvarez, hero of the War of Independence, and Ignacio Comonfort, against Santa Ana, creature of the Hierarchy. It was the beginning of the Reformation in Mexico, but the difference was striking between this struggle and that which characterized the Reformation in Europe. There the nobility supported the Protestant movement, seeing in it a means of loot and growing fat thereon.

In Mexico, the wealth and the aristocracy supported the Church. It was the middle-class, just emerged from peonage, which manned the reform movement. Civil war broke out with all-consuming fury. The clergy made it a holy war, and there were rivers of blood — too many to record here. Suffice to say, the reform movement won and the Constitution of 1857 was adopted, though the Holy Father himself declared it apocryphal and interdicted and hurled anathemas at its makers.

This Constitution did not separate Church and State but it provided organic bases for the separation that was to come later in Benito Juárez's Reform Laws. These nationalized all church property and, among other reforms, secularized the schools and cemeteries and suppressed all monastic orders. State and Church were declared independent of each other. Civil marriage was legalized.

A thoroughly intransigent Hierarchy did what it could to combat the Reform Laws. From every pulpit and every confessional the Mexicans were urged to oppose them, and salvation was promised those who gave up their lives in doing so. Anarchy resulted, but the Hierarchy was determined to rule or ruin. Soon after it tore down the Comonfort *régime*, which followed that of Alvarez, it was made clear that it could not rule.

DEFEATED at home, it set out to win foreign intervention. Its agents, wearing robe and cassock, were able to reach Empress Eugénie in Versailles, and, through pretext and promise, Napoleon III, having raped the second French Republic, was induced to rape another across the sea. The Maximilian Empire was the result. But not even with French bayonets, in the long and sanguinary war that followed, could Maximilian give the Church what she wanted. Then the Church broke with Maximilian and, under the threat of William Henry Seward, Napoleon

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Bonaparte, hearing the ring of hammer on anvil in Bismarck's Wilhelmstrasse smithy, deserted him. The Hierarchy, however, was not ready for Maximilian to quit the country. Significantly, it was the word of the black-frocked Jesuit, Father Fischer, that decided him to stay under specious promises. Maximilian died in Querétaro before a firing squad in that dawn of July 19, 1867.

Another paragraph was added to the Church Question — only a paragraph. *Finis* had not been written.

In 1874 the Reform Laws were made the law of the land. Men were free now to worship as they pleased and be educated as they chose. But in 1876 the clergy gave financial support to Porfirio Díaz's uprising, and the Iron Man of Mexico came upon the scene. The Porfirista peace facilitated the industrial invasion of the late Nineteenth Century and the oppression of the workers became aggravated, with the Church active and indispensable in the maintenance of industrial feudalism during the generation of this reign. She was partner to the *régime*. Without openly attempting to dominate politics she had the tacit consent of Díaz to continue her economic ascendancy, providing fuel for the flames of revolt which broke out in 1910. Although her property remained confiscated she prospered mightily. Gold and silver adorned her altars, brilliants and sapphires and rubies her crucifixes and crowns; her coffers bulged large.

Then came the first reverberation of the clash at Matamoros de la Laguna in 1908; the Bank of Viesca was sacked. Díaz put down the abortive rising quickly. But by 1911 the Madero revolt had spread through the whole land and in May the aged Dictator bowed to the inevitable and steamed away from Vera Cruz, bound for Paris. "*Adios, paz.*"

What follows may be told briefly. Madero came in on the crest of this revolution and went out in the wash of another. The clergy, as of old, supported the *coup d'état* against the elected government, whereupon the revolutionary movement began to exhibit a marked anti-clerical trend. Huerta went out on the boot-toe of Woodrow Wilson and Venustiano Carranza came into power. His rule brought the Constitutional Convention of Querétaro which made a new organic law in 1917. This achieved what the reform party of 1857 was not strong enough to do, in providing for executive decrees that placed the Church in Mexico in the same position the Orthodox Church in Russia was placed in by Lenin and Trotzky.

The Constitution of 1917, as it relates to the Church, is more than an amplification of the Constitution of 1857. It is the most radical constitution held by any State outside the Russian Soviet Union and its effects on the Church are far-reaching and grave — designedly, since its framers saw in the Church the most powerful enemy to their policy of reform. It was inevitable that the Church Party should not coalesce with the Radical group. The traditional antipathetic alignment was resumed. All the elements had gone into the retort that made for an explosion. Carranza faded from the picture when Alvaro Obregon turned off the lights and the

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Mexican-Semitic group gained influence. A rival Mexican Catholic Church was set up, as in Soviet Russia, but the movement was not pushed.

Thus was the Church Question left with asterisks. What followed was true to precedent, which teaches that there have been few major wars or revolutions in Mexico in which the Church has not been interested — or more.

THE situation had reached an impasse early in 1926 when a move by the Church determined the Calles Government on drastic action. On February 2 the Holy See issued a stirring Apostolic Letter, re-indorsing a manifesto signed by the Mexican Episcopacy in 1917 which attacked the religious clauses of the Constitution, even as in 1857. Officials of the Church were arrested and charged with violating the laws; foreign-born priests were deported overnight and church property, which had been clandestinely held, was confiscated. Many Catholic institutions, like primary schools, hospitals and orphanages, forbidden by the Constitution, were summarily closed. The Apostolic Delegate was expelled. Another decree suspended all public worship and required all priests to register with the municipal authority. The Episcopate repudiated the Constitution and orders were issued to disobey the registration law. On August 1 the Hierarchy ordered the priests on strike. The Government took charge of the churches.

Not since the enforcement of the Juárez Reform Laws had religious Mexico been stirred so deeply. The long-smoldering antagonism between Church and State flamed into open warfare. The *Cristeros* arose all over the country.

Unofficial overtures looking toward peace were made in 1928, but the conversations proceeded desultorily. By the time they were made public in June of this year a *modus vivendi* had been found. This provides that the Mexican Government will allow the Hierarchy to designate those priests who are to register; that religious instruction, while forbidden in the schools, will be permitted in the churches, and, finally, that the Mexican Roman Catholic prelates shall enjoy the right accorded every Mexican under the Constitution of 1917 to petition for modification of the constitutional provisions. Meanwhile, the State has and holds all that it took from the Church. Church edifices remain State property and are subject to the vigilance of Federal and local officials. The Hierarchy must maintain in each church a person responsible to the Government, which has the right to withdraw the use of any church for religious services when the church or its congregation does not comply with the letter and the spirit of these laws.

THE Mexican Government has several major reasons for compromising with the Church at this time. The industrial and agricultural life of the nation is paralysed. There has just ended a revolution that was costly in life and treasure. The nation is badly in arrears in the payment of its foreign obligations. Peace is imperative at any price. This peace was impossible so long as the Church remained intransigent, for the nation

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is Roman Catholic. Remembering this, it is worth while also to recall that "Rome does not lend her arm for nothing; the altar that is to sustain the throne must be honored and gilded."

THE accord is not in the form of a written treaty and its effectiveness depends upon the good will of both parties. To get it in more permanent form, the Church will need to use the right of petition accorded her. Meanwhile, she will have so to watch her step as to give no offense to Government authorities, create no alarm among the Liberals, and, by no move, give cause to the Radicals for attack.

It is characteristic of the Hierarchy, in entering the accord, that it should abandon those who were in arms against government authority under the banner of Christ the King. Thus did it abandon Santa Ana, Zuloaga, Maximilian, Miramon, Mejía — the list is too long to set down. Again amnesty has been extended only to those wearing the cassock, and, of course, the conscripted common soldier.

The present peace is a truce, and it is unfortunate for the peace of Mexico that respect for it will depend upon the exigencies of the day and time. Nothing short of a decisive victory by one side or the other can ever produce enduring peace. Nowhere in history has a workable compromise between them been discovered; it is the fourth dimension. In Mexico, the causes out of which the hates of the War of Reform grew are just as much alive today as in 1857. For, even as no war engenders such hatred as internecine war, so is the demise of this hatred possible only when the conditions which gave rise to it are dead. The Church still wants its *fueros* and its property for which it has not been paid.

Never again, perhaps, will the conflict assume the sanguinary aspects it has known. This is not a day of swords and lances. Gone into limbo are the campaigns of the *zouave* and *légionnaire* and *hussar* and *chasseur d'Afrique*, along with Castelnau, Bazaine, old Dupin, fresh from the sacking of Peking; hard-riding little Mejía, Marquéz, Tiger of Tacubaya; Vidaurri, Mendéz and Escobedo — he of the Big Ears. There doubtless will be revolutions, for these are indigenous to Mexico, and doubtless the Church will be interested, for she is an integral part of Mexico after four hundred years of training under the masters of Roman Catholic propaganda. A nation does not put away transmitted tendencies in a day.

BUT increasingly it will be a contest of wits. Schemers have succeeded fighting men and it is safe to say that within the quiet of La Profesa's incense-permeated walls will be found wits as keen as any that may abide in the *Palacio Nacional;* that the black-gowned men who will assemble in the sacristy, as the occasion warrants, around tables as old as the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, will be as wise in the arts of intrigue and diplomacy as any that may foregather in the cypress groves of Chapultepec or on the Zocolo.

It is not without significance that the Church agents of the Hierarchy in the Ruiz-Gil accord were Jesuits. Like Mr. Britling, they will see it through.

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The Conquest of Goiter

By Edith L. Weart

How a malady which puzzled ancient Rome and is prevalent in wide sections of America is at last yielding to the persistent scientist

Did you know that the Venus de Milo had goiter? My friend the Physician says that goiter was so common in ancient Greece that an enlargement of the neck was considered normal and beautiful. If that were true now there certainly would be a great many beautiful necks among the women of the Great Lake districts and the Pacific Northwest where one out of every five women has goiter; but the women of the Atlantic seaboard, the Gulf States and of California, who have perfectly normal and slender necks, would not be judged beautiful at all.

What does locality have to do with the development of a goiter? What difference does it make where a person lives? I once knew a girl who went a thousand miles from the Middle West to an Ohio college. In the autumn her neck would be slender and smooth. By June there was a slight swelling, a slight goiter, which disappeared again during the summer vacation. Why did a change of climate develop a goiter? What makes this little gland, with two lobes no larger than lima beans, lying on each side of the trachea, this thyroid gland, enlarge under some conditions and not under others?

Science now says that if the thyroid gland does not receive sufficient iodine to meet all its functional needs it will enlarge. This iodine is ordinarily received through the food and water in the diet, and recent researches have disclosed that there is a very great difference between the iodine content of the water and food in the Great Lakes region and the Pacific Northwest and that in the Seaboard States. Scientists would say that if the Venus de Milo had lived in Atlantic City she would never have had a goiter at all.

The statue of the Venus is evidence that goiter is not one of the modern diseases. There are, too, frequent references to this malady in Greek and Roman literature. Although anatomy was in its infancy and the relation between the swelling of the neck and the thyroid was not understood, even then there was a belief in the relation between goiter and locality. The Ancients, however, were more inclined to ascribe the disease to something *in* the water,

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rather than to a deficiency in its composition.

In 30 A.D. Vitruvius, a great architect in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, became convinced of some relation between water and goiter. He noted that some waters seemed to make goiter diminish, but it was to their purgative qualities that he attributed this good effect.

Early physicians even hit upon the method of treating these enlargements of the neck with iodine, although in those days before the birth of chemistry gave the world knowledge of elements in their purity, practitioners did not know that it was iodine they were using. Sea sponges were burned, and seaweeds, and the ashes were given to those who had goiter; or water in which sea shells had been soaked was prescribed. Much more pleasant this must have been than a more modern treatment advised by an early Nineteenth Century American physician who suggested that a fish be tied around the throat.

THE prevalence of this disease during the Middle Ages is shown by the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, who took especial pleasure in caricaturing toothless, goitrous persons. A hundred years later the physician, Peter Foreest, recommended sea water for goiter. But it was not until 1850 that a real step forward was made by a French physician, Chatin, who showed that waters in districts where there was much of the disease contained little iodine and advised giving iodine in small amounts to make up for this deficiency. Unfortunately the time was not yet ripe for his work; he met with much opposition and his findings were discarded. It was another fifty years before his lead was taken up again by other investigators.

The first work of this later period was entirely empiric. Sheep raisers in Michigan found their industry threatened by the prevalence of goiter among their flocks. They learned that by feeding crude salt — which analysis later showed contained iodine — instead of refined salt, their animals were born perfectly healthy.

OTHER districts noticed a relation between the water supply and disease. A town which had never had any goiter changed its source of water from a river to an artesian well and found that an increase in the amount of goiter followed. Another city making a similar change found there were fewer goiters as a result.

This was all rather confusing, and it was not until Baumann, in 1895, discovered that the thyroid gland contained iodine that the subject became any clearer. Almost twenty years passed before Edward C. Kendall of the University of Minnesota isolated the active principle of the gland; the result was an iodine compound which he called thyroxin and which he was able to make synthetically.

Meanwhile, in 1909, the trout in a certain Pennsylvania fish hatchery began to suffer from enlarged necks; a condition which so sharply affected the hatchery output that it was thought the industry would have to be abandoned. Dr. David Marine, then of the Western Reserve University, tried to solve the problem. He started a ball rolling

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which has travelled far. After several years' experimentation he and his collaborators concluded that a lack of iodine in the diet was the cause of the trouble, for the fish were healthy if fed some fresh sea fish which contained this element.

To Dr. Marine goes the credit for the first scientific work ever done in preventing goiter; to Kendall goes the credit for the first work ever carried out in the direction of prevention of goiter in human beings.

In 1916, Dr. Marine and a Dr. Kimball, also of Cleveland, obtained the coöperation of the Board of Education of Akron, Ohio, in a survey among the girls in the fifth to the twelfth grades of the Akron schools. They discovered that 56 per cent of them had goiter. Goiter is much less prevalent among men than among women, which is why girls were chosen for the study. The coöperation of the parents was sought in giving the girls a small amount of sodium iodide in their drinking water for two weeks each spring and autumn. The following November a re-survey showed that of more than a thousand girls who had taken the treatment about two-thirds had made marked improvement. It was also shown that no girl who had taken the iodide and who had not had a goiter before had developed one. On the other hand 26 per cent of the girls who had not taken the treatment had developed goiters. In other words, it was clearly shown that a small amount of iodine would prevent the formation of goiter among adolescent girls.

While all this work showed clearly the relation between iodine and goiter and there seemed to be little doubt that an iodine deficiency was the cause of the disease, there was still uncertainty as to just what the source of this deficiency was. It was left for the men who analyzed the food and water of various localities to point out a difference in the iodine content of these products according to the region and to correlate these results with the incidence of goiter found there.

Probably Professor McClendon of the University of Minnesota has done the most work on the iodine content of the water and food of various representative sections of this country. The correlation of the results with the incidence of goiter was beset with difficulties. Take the matter of iodine in the water, for instance, considering only the sources from which the water might be obtained. It might be surface water, surface water contaminated with sewage (which contains iodine), underground water which has not passed through iodine deposits, or underground water which has passed through such deposits. The drinking water which McClendon analyzed might be drawn from artesian wells rich in iodine, yet the rain water which supplied moisture for the crops might come from surface water which is poor in the element. In such cases the drinking water would offer only a partial protection against goiter, and any data which took into consideration only the one factor would give an incorrect picture.

McClendon found that the water from Duluth, Minn., Spokane, Wash., and Rockford, Ill., contained less

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iodine than that from any place else in the country. Analyses showed only one part of iodine per hundred billion parts of water. Compare this with the water from a well 3,005 feet deep at Mexia, Texas, which showed an iodine content of 18,470 parts per hundred billion.

EXAMINATION of foodstuffs from various parts of the country showed a similar difference in the iodine content. McClendon discovered that whereas, in the comparatively goiter-free districts of the California Coast, carrots had 170 milligrams of iodine per metric ton of the dry product, in goiter-ridden Oregon the same vegetable had only 2.3 milligrams per metric ton. In Minnesota, where goiter is largely prevalent, he found oats had but 10 milligrams per metric ton, whereas in Maine, a state little troubled by goiter, they had 175 milligrams. Again in Minnesota wheat had only 1 milligram per metric dry ton while in Maine it had 9.3 milligrams.

Leafy vegetables and some fruits were found to contain more iodine than any other land products, but in the case of many fruits the iodine was found largely in the seed and skin, neither of which is ordinarily eaten.

The high iodine content of food grown along the seaboard, as in Maine, is explained, in part, by the fact that spray, blown from the sea for many miles inward, contains a very large amount of iodine. Rainwater three miles from the coast is found to contain 0.012 parts of iodine per billion, whereas rainwater in the region of Lake Erie contains only a third as much.

However, lack of iodine in the soil of certain regions is explainable in other terms than distance from the coast. The scarcity of iodine is largely due to its solubility, though partly to the fact that it is one of the rarer elements, much rarer than its cousins the chlorides and bromides. Beds of iodine salts were deposited along with beds of common table salt — sodium chloride — when the inland seas dried up. But while the chlorides remained the iodides were readily dissolved by the water passing over and through. Thus in the course of years a stratum of salt would be leached free of the iodine which it originally contained. This leaching took place first, of course, in the highest regions, and this explains why, for instance, so little iodine is found in Switzerland, in the Himalayas and in the Pacific Northwest. In a very dry district the iodides would remain undissolved. It is from such a region in Chile that the greatest commercial supply of iodine is obtained.

THIS depletion of the soil is progressive, and according to Hayhurst, of the Ohio State Department of Health, civilization will increase the process since the waste materials from animals, which contain iodine, will be deposited in drainage systems leading to the sea and not back to the soil.

Nature as usual, is playing us a trick. At a time when all life was marine a thyroid gland was developed to regulate growth and activity, a gland dependent on the iodine in its environment for its function. When amphibians left the sea with its high iodine content to develop a

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land life, they carried with them as part of their equipment this same small gland. But did the thyroid gland learn through successive ages to require less and less iodine for functioning? Not at all. When it found that it couldn't get sufficient iodine to make the thyroxin the body needed it never realized that fuel was lacking, nor did it try to use a substitute product. It kept on increasing the number of its cells in an effort to increase its output. If the thyroid had adjusted itself to changing conditions there would be no story to tell at the present time.

Now that the cause of goiter is known, it would seem to be a simple matter to eradicate the disease by supplying the deficiency. But the world has a long road to travel before it is willing to inconvenience itself for its own improvement. Someone once said that only the Germans and the Japanese view themselves with sufficient seriousness to employ, at personal sacrifice, the eugenic measures necessary to improve their national strain. Those men who are fighting goiter, however, have the memory of other battles which public health medicine has fought and won. The fight for smallpox vaccination which still occurs periodically, the fight against malaria which is only just started, and other battles, all inspire them in their endeavor to eliminate goiter.

There is not a great deal of difference between preventing goiter and preventing smallpox — different as the diseases are. There must, in each case, be a dissemination of knowledge as to the cause of the disease, a programme of information to prove that it can be prevented and then the education of the public.

Goiter is not, of course, as terror-striking as smallpox. If twenty per cent of the women were scarred with smallpox the effect on the public mind would be greater than the sight of the same per cent of goiters. In a goitrous region one becomes so used to slight enlargements of the neck as never to notice them. Yet a Bostonian going to Cleveland would comment on the situation at once. But it should not be thought that goiter is unsightly only and not dangerous. There is a type, the so-called toxic goiter, in which the thyroid gland becomes overactive, which may arise from overwork, overstrain, tonsillitis, or for no apparent reason at all, causing extreme nervousness, loss of weight, serious heart damage and eventual death. It has been stated that in men this type of the disease arises only in those who have had a goiter from birth; and that in women, also, it very often arises from a supposedly harmless thyroid enlargement. It has also been stated that 90 per cent of the cancers of the thyroid gland arise from congenital goiters.

There is another danger — the very serious possibility that two or three generations of thyroid insufficiency will produce a large percentage of cretin idiots. We are fortunate to have so few of these dwarfs. In 1874 the Goiter Commission of France reported that there were as many as 120,000 cretins and cretinoid idiots in that country. McCarrison, reporting a district in northern India, found 200 cretins in a population of 70,000. Even where actual

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cretin idiocy does not develop there is a tendency, with thyroid insufficiency, to lowered mental and physical activity.

It would seem that there should be great enthusiasm among the people to rid the nation of this menacing deformity, but the people, as usual, are sluggish to react to a future rather than to a present good. Even the rank and file of the medical profession have not been very enthusiastic, have even been somewhat antagonistic. In part this may be attributed to the fact that the profession has never been very enthusiastic about any measure which takes the practice of medicine out of the hands of individual physicians to put it into the hands of the State and it is as a State problem that the prevention of goiter has been undertaken. There is the inevitable fear on the part of physicians that their livelihood is being endangered by the practice of State medicine; probably, too, there is the usual conservative reaction and very likely a desire for individual rather than group responsibility.

THE men connected with the State departments of health who are directing the goiter work, feel that prevention carried on by individuals is ineffective. It is not alone that every physician, even in a goiter region, is not a goiter specialist; it is not only that such measures lack uniformity; it is chiefly that such individual methods of attacking the problem are too limited in their scope. Only a small number of well read and well informed people would ever consult their doctor at all and probably most of these only after there was visible evidence of goiter. What is needed is the prevention of goiters as well as the cure of those already present. It is the next generation which is to be especially considered.

This can be said, however: Despite opposition, a start has been made in this and other countries toward wiping out this disease. There are being used different methods of varying efficiency, all of them based on giving the people of goitrous regions iodine sufficient to make their yearly quota equal to that of the inhabitants of the seashore districts.

THE best method of supplying this iodine deficiency has also been the subject of considerable discussion and disagreement. One suggestion has been that the iodine be added directly to the water supply, a method which has been tried by several large cities, among them Rochester, N. Y. When, however, it is considered what a small portion of a city's supply of water is used for cooking and drinking it will be seen that the enormous waste makes this method so expensive as to be impractical.

The first goiter prevention work, that in Akron, was carried on by giving sodium iodide dissolved in water. The unpleasant taste was found to be a very serious objection. The later work in this city has been carried out by the administration of iodine in the form of an organic iodide mixed with a chocolate, a very agreeable tablet. This tablet has also been used in the schools of West Virginia, Ohio, Utah, Washington and Oregon. But while perfectly effective for those it reaches the

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method has the disadvantage of missing a large per cent of the population. It does not reach, for example, very young children nor pregnant women, both of whom, and especially the latter, are in need of an adequate iodine supply.

THE first goiter prevention work to be carried out on a large scale was done in Switzerland. Stimulated by the Akron experiments a campaign was inaugurated in 1918 in Zürich to eradicate goiter. A survey disclosed that in some schools as high as 100 per cent of the children had goiter. The chocolate iodine tablets were tried, each child being given one tablet containing 5 milligrams of iodine each of the forty weeks of the school year. The benefits were so marked that the Goiter Commission of Switzerland recommended this method for use throughout the entire country. The results were most striking. In three years, from 1919 to 1922, the incidence of goiter among school children of the Canton of St. Gall, for instance, dropped from 87.6 per cent to 13.1 per cent.

In this country nationwide attention was not focussed on the problem of goiter until the reports from the selective service draft were returned in 1918. These showed that in some instances as high as 30 per cent of the men were incapacitated for army service because of goiters. The Michigan State Commissioner of Health was especially attracted by these reports, and the work that he and his successor, the present commissioner, have done has not been equalled anywhere in this country. In the fall of 1919 the agencies of the Michigan Department of Health were instructed to get all possible information concerning the prevalence of goiter. Samples of water were collected from localities representing the entire State. The correlation of the iodine content of these water samples to the incidence of goiter showed a marked relationship. Districts only a few miles apart, but drawing their water supply from different sources, showed this effect plainly. There was, for example, Mt. Clemens and Romeo, two towns only twelve miles apart. Mt. Clemens had a water supply which contained 25 parts of iodine per billion; 26 per cent of the children had goiters. Romeo was using water which contained no iodine whatever; 75 per cent of the children were goitrous.

CONVINCED that the situation was serious the Michigan Department of Health considered what should be done about it. It was finally decided that probably the easiest method of furnishing iodine would be through some staple food product. Salt seemed to lend itself best to this purpose. This was a product everyone used; it was a substance with which an iodine compound could be mixed in uniform and stable proportions. An iodine content of one part to 5,000 parts of salt was decided upon. By using this salt in all cooking, each individual in the goitrous district would receive in the course of a year an amount of iodine equivalent to that received in the average diet of a person residing in a goiter-free district.

Naturally, the use of this salt was not made compulsory. The salt companies continued to put out the

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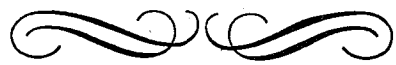
ordinary kind of salt, but the use of the iodized product was urged. This salt was first put on the market in the spring of 1924. Since then it has been largely used in other States as well. This method of prophylaxis was inexpensive, wide in scope, and simple in administration. It has not, however, entirely escaped opposition; but despite discussion and controversy, a very real progress has been made due, probably, as much to the enthusiasm and tenacity of Dr. Kimball as to any other factors. The results of surveys made in 1928 in Michigan after four years' use of iodized salt have recently been reported. These figures show that only one-third to one-fourth of the children who had goiter in 1924 still have it. The report also shows that goiter prevention with iodized salt is entirely safe.

Figures could be multiplied to show the results of work carried out in other sections of the United States, in Italy and New Zealand. The literature on the subject has become endless. Although the leaders of the work sometimes become discouraged and feel that what has been done is but a drop in the bucket, the last quarter of a century has seen great strides made. And there is every reason to believe that a few generations of organized work will make goiter as rare a condition as typhoid now is, so rare that it will be difficult to find examples to use for teaching purposes in the medical schools.



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Madame Rossignol

By Louise Worthington

Sketch of a temperament in the stress of wartime

When I was told that Madame Rossignol, *numéro 20 bis, rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*, had a room to let, I hastened there at once, for rooms were at a premium. One had to have a room, even if one spent twenty out of the twenty-four hours away from it.

The *rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*, though nothing but a country road meandering beside the river in *X-sur-Y*, was built up with houses in blocks (but only on the side farthest from the river), tall brick houses with balconies; and more lowly ones with no balconies, with the front windows looking directly on the street so that by standing on tiptoe any passer-by could look in.

It was at one of these windows that I caught my first glimpse of Madame Rossignol. She was leaning forward, with her arms thrown round a pretty little girl, quite after the manner of Madame Le Brun; but in spite of her slipshod cotton gown (rather like what we call a wrapper at home) even that first glance showed me that nature had been less painstaking with the face of the famous *artiste* than with that of the humble Rossignol.

To begin with there was its shape — a perfect oval — then the little ears, the crisp black wavy hair with all those straying curls and tendrils, the small straight nose spreading slightly at the nostrils, the mouth of delicate curves and delightful lifting corners. But it was on the eyes that the masterwork had been done. And why? Why had nature lavished this extravagance of fine detail on the eyes of a poor French laundress in the obscure town of *X-sur-Y?* Why this exquisite finish — the pencilled black eyebrows tapering to a mere thread-line, the eyes of almond shape with dark blue iris and velvet pupils tinted on the edges as no pencil of art can tint and garnished with long jet lashes raying outward — eyes much, much too dressy for everyday use!

Eyes to be lived up to, one would suppose, dressed up to; and yet to tell the plain, blunt truth Madame's face was not even clean. A complexion that might have been radiant, with care and cleanliness, was almost muddied, certainly clouded by accretions that had not been removed by a morning tub — not to say faucet! Indeed it remained precisely as it was when it was lifted

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from her pillow that morning. As for the curly locks, their part never changed or deviated by a hair's breadth. *Voyez-vous!* A twist of one lifted hand, a pin thrust in on this side, another on that, *voila!* the effect that of an Italian Madonna.

I asked through the window if it was true that Madame had a room to rent and she replied with a radiant smile that it was indeed true and that it was the very room that she was standing in. If Mademoiselle would have the goodness to enter and inspect it. And Mademoiselle mounted the three stone steps and entered the hallway and was met at the door of the bedroom.

AT THE same instant the corresponding door on the opposite side of the hall opened and another French woman with another little girl under her arm looked out. The second child was exactly the size of the first one and even prettier, but the second Madame was quite another type of woman than the first — petite, blonde, neat as wax in a crisp blue cotton gown, with a pale anxious face and prim bands of faded hair each side of it. She, I afterwards learned, was also a *blanchisseuse* and the partner of Madame Rossignol.

I entered the room, I liked it, engaged it; it was large and airy, had one of those superlatively comfortable beds that many of the humblest French homes boast, a fireplace, a window looking out on the river and incidentally on the street. It was very dirty, just as the last tenant had left it weeks before; her torn letters were on the hearth, her wisps of hair on the mantelshelf, but Madame assured that all that would be righted and I left to find the little old man nicknamed Poincaré who wheeled trunks and bags to and from the station on a ramshackle *brouette*.

Not being on duty at the canteen, I slept well that night between heavy, embroidered linen sheets in the wonderful bed, sinking into the middle of it as into the bosom of a cloud. Yet the bloom of dust was on everything; the scraps of letters still littered the hearth, and the wisps of hair lay on the mantelshelf. Also I discovered on rising that the water pitcher had not been filled. I heard someone singing and opening the door into the hall called for Madame. No answer and the song continued. It was one of the most delicious contralto voices I had ever listened to, so pure and rich, and vibrating with a pathos that moved me strangely. The song itself was plaintive, too. It was the *Chœur des Girondins* with its touching refrain — "*Mourir pour la patrie — mourir pour la patrie!*"

I LISTENED with rapture. Nevertheless, one must wash. I called loudly for Madame again and yet again. And finally the song ceased and the Rossignol flitted up from the laundry. She looked precisely as she had looked the day before, very svelte and willowy in her cotton gown, the same kinks in her hair, the same delightful smile radiating amiability. She was really and truly charmed, not perfunctorily so, to hear that I had slept well, and gliding noiselessly in her felt slippers she brought the water with alacrity and pleasure, as one would do a favor for a friend, scooping into her hand in passing the débris about the fireplace.

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She paused at the door, her hand on her hip, and spoke of the war.

"*La guerre est triste!*" she said. From how many lips had I heard that phrase, with what infinite shades of tragic sorrow, and yet out of all the gallery of faces that it brings to my memory why is it that her face dominates the rest? Not because she had suffered more by any means. Perhaps because of her artistic expression of suffering, her pose, her liquid eye under drooping lid, the turn of her head, the tremor of her lip. And her voice! I seemed to hear in it a vibration of Bernhardt's voice in *La Samaritaine*. And then she had flitted and I heard her laughing somewhat raucously in obscure back regions, seconded by a voice of deeper note.

On returning to my chamber that afternoon, weary with standing on feet for many hours, I found my bed still unmade, the bed clothes flapping from the window ledge, almost on the sidewalk. No one came at my call and I explored the back rooms — a kitchen and a parlor. From the latter opened an alcove entirely filled with a huge bed, one of those windowless cupboards the invisible doors of which, camouflaged by wall paper, remind one of secret panels and hidden staircases. That bed too was unmade as was the little girl's crib-like one in the parlor. The breakfast dishes stood on the kitchen table unwashed, a comb and a hair ribbon lay on the top of the cold stove. Again I heard the strains of that golden voice. This time it was chanting *L'Angelus de la Mer*.

I traced it gropingly downstairs, through the dark basement hallway and to the door of the laundry. I peeped in. Bending over the primitive, round washtub, up to her elbows in suds, stood the lovely Rossignol. Her sleeves were rolled up to her armpits, her skirt pinned up around her hips, displaying her strong round arms and neat ankles whose comeliness could not be hidden by the ugly *sabots* that imprisoned them. Her face was flushed by her exercise, her lips were singing and smiling at the same time. With a coquettish toss of her head she shook back the tendrils of her hair. Mine were not the only eyes bewitched by this picture, for leaning against the wall with folded arms and crossed legs stood a youthful *poilu*, a picture himself in his horizon-blue uniform, with his sturdy masculinity, his boyish pink cheeks with their peach-like down, his blonde hair that lay like a fringe on his forehead and stuck out stiffly at the side below the little cap hanging on one ear.

Without the smallest trace of embarrassment Madame listened to my plea, slicked the suds down from her arms and accompanied me upstairs, clacking along in her wooden shoes. It took but a moment to toss the bed clothes on and smooth them up, to slap and place the pillows, to fill the jug, and it was all done with such pliant grace, such pleasure in obliging me, that I felt ashamed to have allowed even the shadow of a shade to cross my brow.

That was a sample of my daily life at *numéro 20 bis rue du Petit Poulet Blanc*. I was annoyed daily, but I always found myself in the posture of apology afterwards. Mine was the repentance, she seemed

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never to have heard of that emotion.

Then I met Monsieur.

M. Rossignol was an employé of the railroad, and during the war that often meant a service scarcely less hard, less bitter, less dangerous than that of the soldier in the trenches. Long hours, lack of food, no sleep, bombs raining from heaven and grape shot spouting from earth.

I STILL see Rossignol as I first saw him, sitting by the cold stove in his kitchen (that stove was always cold!) like a demon of gloom, black from head to foot, from weather-beaten hat to rain-soaked boots, his very hair sooty, his cadaverous face so grimed that his wife must scarcely have known it, his eyes sunken to almost invisible depths in his head, his hands, jet as those of a Senegalese, dropped inert on his knees. It was apparent to me at that moment and ever after that there was no joy in life for M. Rossignol. He was sick, he was morose, he was jealous. It does not tend to sweeten a man's temper to come home after days and nights spent in a veritable inferno of heat and noise and dust and smoke and labor and danger to find a fireless stove, a bare table, an empty cupboard, an untidy home, a neglected child, and no wife. Worse, to sit and picture where she might be, and with whom? That lissom form with a military arm about it, perchance, with a dare-devil face under a becoming cap close — too close — to her laughing one! Of all his wife's faults this penchant for officers with natty uniforms and devilish waxed moustaches gave Rossignol the most acute suffering. And as I saw him sitting drearily there I knew, just as well as if the walls had been of glass, what a very different scene was taking place in the neighboring apartment across the hall, for by that time I had lived there long enough to have seen many things.

Over there the little blonde Madame Girard of the crisp blue cotton gown, aided by the little, washed, combed and neatly clad blonde daughter, was serving her husband, also an employé of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est*, a savory, hot dinner in an exquisitely neat kitchen, on snowy tablecloth, beside a sunny window with pots of cyclamen on the sill. Girard looked like a huge sleek tomcat, as he came prowling back from work almost as smooth and clean and complacent as when he left, carrying always a tin box by a handle. He must have had an easier berth than that of poor Rossignol. Yet do you suppose for one moment that the latter would have changed places with his neighbor, have sat at the loaded table, waited on by the gentle little spouse, lapped in comfort, if it meant giving up his own conscienceless, maddening, fascinating partner? *Jamais! Jamais! Jamais de la vie!*

I LEARNED to dread those unexpected home-comings of Monsieur. Sometimes I suspected them of being purposely so planned. His funereal figure brooding in the kitchen depressed me horribly; his moody eye cast a cloud over the day. And yet I knew him to be a moral, an estimable man. Sometimes in the middle of the night I would hear the nasal, subdued grinding of his voice, scolding hour after hour, and the bitter

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weeping of his wife, surely the anguished sobs of a heart-broken woman! My very soul ached for her. I cared not what might be her offense, what law of the Decalogue she had broken, or if she had broken them all! Was she not like the rest of us — the sport of her temperament? But — the next morning I would be awakened by the clatter of voices under my window, Madame's rising above the rest, a perfect rattling volley of gossip and bursts of shrill laughter and the reiterated "*Bon! bon! bon!* — *Bon!* — *bon! bon! bon!*" of the listeners.

And this was the same voice that sobbed in the silence of the night — not hypocritically, mark you! But truly with pain, with real anguish! In those dark hours was concentrated the suffering most of us spread out over a month, in the morning it dropped from her like a cloak. She stepped out into the sunlight with her basket on her arm and her heart full of hope and cheer for a new day.

In my more optimistic moments I fairly basked in the sunshine of that iridescent temperament! What matter that my best lace collar disappeared to be reincarnated in the form of a dress on the doll of the little Mireille? That my spoons strayed into the family cupboard, that my underwear dwindled like the snow in early spring, that the twigs from my fagots for kindling my own fire so significantly besprinkled the kitchen floor? There were compensations. Did not Madame run to meet my petulance with ready sympathy, almost weeping because the fagots were quite consumed? If my heart was bursting with one of the numberless tragedies that came our way, was not Madame all soft-eyed sympathy, hands pressed over bosom, tears coursing down her cheeks like rain? Or on the other hand if it were a joke — a *poilu bon-mot* — what a response! What laughter! What little glittering teeth and mirth-closed eyes and hands on rocking hips!

Could I puritanically harbor in my mind negatives of visions of dim hallways wherein gallant *militaires* encircled yielding waists and seduced laughing lips, when superimposed were distincter ones of charming family parties fluttering off to the boat on the river — Madame hanging on Monsieur's arm and child clasped lovingly by the hand? Or Madame, in an access of conjugal virtue, accompanying her spouse to the *gare* to see him off on one of those indefinite journeys, bearing a basket with food to cheer and sustain him in arid regions where food was not. Or perhaps standing on the corner by the old stone bridge watching for his home-coming, slatternly gown fluttering in the breeze, hand shading the beautiful eyes that followed each blue uniformed figure, met other eyes flashing under visored caps or rakish barrettes, dropped long lashes on cheeks, watched warily the turning of the road by the *gare*.

Besides, she worked prodigiously. Both partners worked like slaves, washing, ironing, carrying home huge baskets filled with canteen aprons and snowy veils. What a picture those women made, walking bareheaded along the riverside, each holding a handle of the heaped-up *corbeille*, with their fluttering garments and their wind-blown hair!

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Those ironing days! They were like a continuous five o'clock tea augmented by a concert. Above the thumping of the flat-irons rose the duet of the Girard's bird-like soprano and the rich, thrilling alto of the Rossignol, sometimes added to by two childish piping trebles, or even — yes, I may as well say it — more often than not by a masculine bass or tenor in whose tones I failed to recognize those of either of the employés of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est.* Sometimes the kitchen door was left open, sometimes I had to invent an excuse to open it and look in. Yes, there sat or leaned or stood the inevitable *poilu* in blue, cigarette on lip, cap on ear, eye on the Rossignol!

All this was before the bombardment, before the gray days of the long-range gun, before the inhabitants fled in shoals leaving behind the great residue who could not or would not go. The latter included the little *blanchisseuses.* Go? What would their husbands do without wife or home? They smiled at the mere suggestion, sent their children off to the country and stood at their posts.

We had asked each other so often: "When is it coming?" Whenever we read in the *communiqués* of the midnight bombing of some near-by town we looked at each other and said: "Our turn next!"

We thought we were prepared, as people think they are prepared for death or pain or loss or any other calamity, and we said: "Let it come!"

It was a brilliant moonlight night. As I walked home from the canteen I marvelled at the noontide distinctness with which every smallest detail stood out to my vision, the names over the shop doors, the faces of pedestrians, the buds on the trees — round and bead-like, for it was the month of March — the very stones in the road and the knotholes in the fences. The span of the old bridge was like marble and beneath it swirled the ink-black river with the surface glare of a looking-glass. On one hand stood up coldly the Cathedral spire, its high cross glittering like tinsel; on the other, across the river, ran the low buildings of the station in that peculiar pallor pricked by green jewel-like lights that marked the course of the railroad.

My own house looked cold and pale with that intolerable moonshine on it. But inside I was greeted by an unusual flood of warmth and cheer, for both doors were thrown open into the hall, and both domestic interiors were exposed to my gaze. The husbands were away and the wives were undressing their children in their respective kitchens like two little girls with their dolls, calling across to each other, comparing notes, scolding, petting, laughing, bursting into snatches of song. (This of course was before the children had been sent to the country.)

I glanced in to bid them goodnight and all sorts of pretty benedictions were called down on my head. It was like looking in on a nestful of birds and birdlings fluffing feathers and spreading wings before snuggling down for the night and being greeted by soft cooings and chirpings. There was no faintest shadow of hovering hawk-wing across this peaceful scene.

I was very tired — canteeners are

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always tired — and glad to go to bed and instant sleep. It was about nine-thirty when my dreams were invaded by the blood-curdling scream of the siren. It only half roused me and I would have lain there in a sort of nightmare stupor but for a loud knocking on my door and the voice of Madame Rossignol raised in accents I had never heard before, accents of command and of fear, yet perfectly controlled:

"*Mademoiselle, c'est l'alerte! Levez-vous! Habillez-vous! Les Boches viennent!*"

DAZED and shaking with cold and fright I pulled on my stockings and fumbled my way into a gown and fur coat. I stepped into the hallway and again I saw the neighboring interiors thrown open and the mothers dressing their children — but now in swift and fearful silence. When a little one whimpered she was stopped by a kiss or a shake. Madame Rossignol looked up and explained to me in matter-of-fact tones that it was better to be dressed in case of an emergency, that is if a *bombe incendiaire* should fall on the house and we should have to take refuge in the street. In that case we should catch cold if we were not dressed!

I asked if there was not a cellar to the house but she assured me that it was a wretched hole, that we should be caught there like rats in a trap. It would be safer to stay in her rooms, and she invited me into the parlor with a charm and politeness quite undimmed by the horror of the situation. Then little Madame Girard, leading Suzanne by the hand, tripped across the hall to join us and as she came the first *contre-avion* gun boomed out. The house trembled, the iron drop in front of the fireplace shook like a castanet. We shut the parlor door and the children were lifted into the bed in the alcove. Somehow there is a feeling of security behind closed doors and in alcoves! Then Madame brought a chair for me telling me with exquisite tact and kindness not to be alarmed as "they" did not always come when the siren sounded. Even in that moment of nervous tension I could not help noting and marvelling at her poise and grace.

But even as she spoke it came! Quite distinct and above the barking of the dozen guns, big and little, far and near, that had burst forth with their horrid din, we heard that most terrifying of all sounds, the crash of a bomb!

"*C'est une bombe!*" shrieked the little Mireille. Her mother was beside her in an instant, had her in her arms. "Yes," she agreed cheerfully; "it was a bomb but it has fallen. It is all over. How can there be any danger when it is all over, *ma petite?*"

SHALL I ever forget that interior, shut in from the inferno outside by four frail walls, lighted by the wavering flame of a tiny night light? I sat like an audience in a theatre and faced the open alcove, which was the stage. The pretty little girls side by side in the huge bed, wide-eyed and listening, the mothers hovering over them, scolding, mocking, trying to drown out those sinister sounds with a cheerful hubbub; and in the midst of their laughter meeting each other's eyes with a look of frozen horror.

Came a stunning boom, reverberating above the lesser ones.

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"*Une bombe!*" screamed Suzanne.

"*Jamais!*" laughed the Rossignol. "That is one of our own guns, *mon enfant!*"

And little Madame Girard teasingly took up the refrain. "*Figurez-vous!*" cried she. "To be afraid of one of our own guns!"

But in very truth it was like hell let loose! I scarcely knew which was worse, that hideous clamor or that sudden silence when the guns held their breath, when you heard your heart thumping in the stillness, when — most awful moment of all! — your ear picked up the droning of a motor, the sawlike, pulsing sound of a German plane! It was directly overhead! It was just above the roof! The suspense! The waiting! Then — the crash!

Once a bomb fell perilously near, the noise was terrific, the house shook, broken glass tinkled down. The children cried out sobbing. The mothers enveloped them in their arms.

"*N'ayez pas peur! n'ayez pas peur! Il n'y a plus de danger! C'est fini! C'est fini!*" they cried exultingly, while over the children's heads they looked horror-stricken into each other's eyes.

The face of little Madame Girard was like a wax doll's from which every vestige of color had been washed away. But Madame Rossignol's was like that of a marble statue. Her profile against the black shadows of the alcove, in the light of the lamp's flickering flame, was cold and pure and classic as that of a Diana. But the eye made it living — a terror-stricken eye, wide open, with raying dark fringes. I had never until this moment realized how beautiful she was.

Suddenly with an inspiration Madame Rossignol joined together the tiny palms of the little Mireille, while Madame Girard followed suit with Suzanne.

"Say your little prayer to Jesus," she said softly. And with perfect docility the little ones together in faltering piping accents said their prayer to Jesus, then slipped down under the covering, laid their small tired heads close together on the pillow, twined their arms about each other's necks and fell fast asleep.

Was ever dawn more welcome! Silence had fallen like a benediction. For a half-hour we continued to listen fearfully; three-quarters of an hour and the tension relaxed; an hour and Madame Rossignol stepped to the window and threw wide the iron shutters. I crossed the room and stood beside her. The East was stained with rose pink and in the cold, bare vault of heaven pulsated one superb star. There was a chill bleak emptiness in the landscape, in the gray stretches of mud, in the gardens where the dry grasses and bare twigs shivered in the breeze, in the little houses close-shut like boxes where no smoke spiraled up from the chimneys — a stillness, too, unlike any other stillness in the world. One lonely bird uttered a disconsolate note, then broke off sharply. Madame silently pointed out a dark spot that had not been there before, a hole in the brown earth like a wound, and she drew in a sharp breath. When she turned her face I saw that it had aged in the night. In the cold early light it looked sallow,

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drawn, haggard. Only the eyes remained the same. I thought at the moment that youth and joy and beauty had gone from it forever, but again I was mistaken. Laughter and song and gaiety, coquetry and love and passion, as long as she lives these will have power to stir — even to capture — the heart of the Rossignol. At that very instant Love had his ear at the keyhole!

But as I laid my hand on her shoulder all the pettiness of the past vanished away — standards, judgments, irritabilities, carping criticisms — gone down in a heap of débris with that tragic night. No matter what happened now, I could not forget.

"You are exhausted," I said.

"*Ça ne fait rien! C'est la guerre!*" She shrugged her shoulders and turned her face to the sky. Suddenly a radiant smile illuminated it, years fell from it like a mask, she pointed to the star, paling gradually in the dawn, as a child might point ecstatically to a star on a Christmas tree.

"*Regardez! Comme c'est belle!*" she cried; "*C'est un bon augure! C'est l'étoile de l'espérance!*"

The Certain Hope

By Isabel Hume

As one who has been long upon the sea,
Long vexed by winds, and tossed by bitter tides,
Who comes into the haven at the dawn
And finds his friend, and falls upon his breast:
So I shall draw across the deeps of time
And you await me on the other side.

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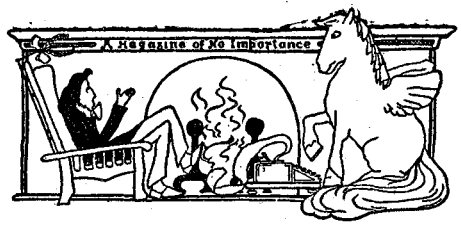

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

SEPTEMBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 9

THE WAR THAT ENDED WAR

A FUTURISTIC FABLE

THE last literary masterpiece of the Great War had been written. Armageddon had been portrayed by privates, sergeants, colonels and all sorts and conditions of generals; by the diaries of aviators, carrier pigeons and kitchen police; by Germans, Austrians, Italians, Siberians and Eskimos. The memoirs of every available Personage had been published. The supply of descriptive adjectives, suitable for praising and proclaiming the Greatest Book of the War, had been drained dry.

The last war movie had reeled away into oblivion, the last war play had left Broadway and died in Pittsburgh. The last Army and Navy store had sold its last folding frying pan. The last surviving member of the A. E. F. had grown too fat for his uniform and could no longer stand at attention on military anniversaries without shedding all his buttons. The last Y. M. C. A. worker had wearied of showing his medals.

It began to look as if the war were over. Skeptical folk everywhere began to doubt there had ever been a war. Clearly it was time for another.

The British Navy League thought so and all the munition manufacturers were sure of it. The poison gas experts and enthusiasts considered it a good idea. Several manufacturers of airplanes insinuated that unless something were done they would be compelled to pass dividends, thereby bringing hardship and distress to thousands of widows, orphans and bankers. Members of international secret service systems encouraged the suggestion. All nations which foresaw a sporting chance of profitable neutrality favored it.

So the War was arranged.

The immediate occasion of the actual outbreak of hostilities was the assassination of an Angora goat by an intoxicated Armenian peddler of hand-embroidered underwear. The crisis was enormously complicated by the fact that the goat was the property of a Fascist Irishman, the brother-in-law of a French-Canadian named Hans Drinkenhof Schmidt. Owing to the Communist tendencies of the goat, Russian intervention was inevitable from the beginning, and the British served notice on Switzerland that the freedom of the seas would be enforced with the utmost severity. The Spanish Ambassador was immediately recalled from Monte Carlo and the Ameer of Afghanistan went away for the summer. Iceland served warning on the world at large that it would defend its territorial integrity to the last icicle.

The first shot in the war was fired in the

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general direction of Europe by Jacob Johnson, who had spent his vacation duck-shooting in Jersey. It failed to hit anything, but Mr. Johnson — with admirable courage and promptitude — immediately endorsed Lucky Strike cigarettes and went rapidly into the movies. Others rushed to fill the breach until the whole Eastern seaboard was smoky with testimonials. The world resounded to the tramp of armed hosts and heroes fell like flies, gasping their preferences in beds and mattresses as they bit the dust. Three Polish aviators sank nineteen American warships before a burst of shrapnel brought them fluttering down to the sea. Fortunately they were rescued by a tramp steamer and arrived in New York in time to take the blindfold test while the children of the Fourteenth Street Kindergarten were still laboring to determine the difference between the perfect cigarette and horsehair.

Meanwhile the great corporations and fundamental industries of modern civilization were girding themselves for service and sacrifice. All the book clubs pledged themselves at once to publish each month the outstanding war book of the moment, carefully selected by committees consisting of Boy Scouts, bandits on parole, and dead Congressmen. Members enrolled by the thousands and tens of thousands, and when the volunteer spirit wavered a Twenty-Eighth Amendment to the Constitution was passed which put the book clubs at last on a sound business basis by making every citizen a member. The Pennsylvania Railroad organized at lightning speed a combination service by train, boat, plane, elevator and bicycle, with Pullman accommodations, which permitted passengers to visit every scene of the war, with stop-over privileges and free baggage transfer. Fashion designers busied themselves at once with the war motif, so that anyone in purely civilian attire was in danger of arrest as a spy. The Jersey beaches entered upon a boom period, advertising widely their geographical location on the very sidelines of all important naval battles.

A new phase in the gigantic conflict dawned when the Radio Corporation of the World announced its plans for a coast-to-coast and shore-to-shore hook-up to bring the war to the fireside of every home. Countless millions listened in thereafter to every great battle, and children scarce out of the cradle learned to distinguish between the rattle of machine-gun fire and the pleasing thump of trench mortars. Prisoners captured at the point of the bayonet were encouraged to say a few words before the field microphones and some remarkable results were attained in broadcasting the groans of the wounded. An enterprising clergyman of New York set the pace for his fellows by preaching a Christmas sermon to the accompaniment of a heavy drum-fire direct from the Western front. Mr. Graham MacNamee, now an old man but still capable of enthusiasms, added to his reputation with a thrilling play-by-play description of a terrific bombardment, followed by a hand-to-hand struggle in which over ten thousand were killed. Old sportsmen considered his performance the equal of some of his broadcasts of the Dempsey fights of a former generation.

The Bell Telephone and Associated Companies entered the war at this moment. After months of devoted and self-sacrificing research and considerable hard work at Washington, they announced the acquisition of exclusive rights to broadcast television versions of the War, urging the installation of extension lines to bathroom and kitchen so that it would be unnecessary to interrupt the war for minor domestic matters. This was generally recognized as the last stage in the civilizing of modern warfare. Women, children and school boys who had never seen a war were able to follow every phase of its glorious carnage and destruction within the shelter of their own homes. The system spread rapidly and television apparatus was installed in parks, city playgrounds, theatres and auditoriums. One was set up in the New York Stock Exchange and served on at least one occasion to avert a panic which might have brought suffering to countless innocent investors. Rumors of a surplus of fabricated steel had shaken the industrial market from top to bottom, but with rare presence of mind the directors of the Exchange suspended business and showed direct pictures of enemy airplanes in the act of blowing to pieces three ammunition dumps, half a dozen railroads and a score of bridges. Steel jumped twenty-eight points and the market was saved.

Another notable achievement was the presentation, with sound effects, of the Battle of Briquette River. Thousands of citizens of

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Chicago and nearby points crowded the theatres and auditoriums to watch from the comfort of padded seats, under the cooling breezes of electric fans, the wiping out of three Illinois divisions by gunfire and gas. The system soon became international in operation and several large audiences in Europe were spectators of the great naval battle of the war, in which all battleships on both sides were sunk. But the outstanding achievement was the television presentation of the aerial attack on New York City. All over the country women and children and old folk beyond military age sat enthralled by the mob scenes in the subways and on the crumbling bridges and the collapse of great skyscrapers under the blows of bombs and aerial torpedoes. Hardened men of Hollywood wept freely as they watched from California, well aware that a new scale in entertainment had made all their ideas obsolete.

At this point, for some inexplicable reason, the war came to an end. It was suspected that the public had tired of it. Some efforts were made in influential circles to enforce it and extra inducements of prizes, premiums and stock dividends in radio and power stocks were offered to all who would stick it out for a few years longer. But, nevertheless, the war quit. Some of the soldiers had to walk home, but the fighting was over. The next generation devoted most of its efforts to deciding who started the war and who won it, but otherwise it was rather a dull period in history.

Sonnet to a European Guidebook

I have o'ercome the perils of the deep,
Such as they are — boredom by day profound,
By night the grief of bunk-constricted sleep —
To tread at last this ancient story ground.
Shall, then, a book in scanty buckram bound,
Harry my weary feet from place to place,
Dulling my sense to every sight and sound
Whose beauty is its own sufficient grace?
Shall I, within some ancient mossy nook,
Or past the pale of ivied cloister gates,
Bury my nose within a musty book,
And sniff stale flavors from a page of dates?

Back to your bookshelf, then, the while I roam!
I'll con your pages when I get back home.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

I have an estimable and otherwise intelligent friend who goes cuckoo once a year. He reveals it by breaking his way out of civilization and going camping. He used to do it in a modest sort of way as a lone tramper or camper, but he carried his vice over into matrimony and now camps himself and his wife and his family with a regularity and devotion worthy of a better cause.

Much of the winter he spends in contemplation of next summer's camp. From a flood of pamphlets and geographical literature he selects a likely site. He makes lists of paraphernalia, adequate for an armed scientific expedition into the heart of Equatorial Africa. He contemplates fishing — ocean, lake and river — and all varieties of big-game hunting. He prowls through catalogues, uttering little cries of pure delight over folding cook-stoves, portable bird-baths and collapsible tents designed for the serious camper. He writes voluminously to state and national authorities in regard to purity of drinking water, game laws, trails, maps and the best way to cook beans.

Then, when all is said and done and discussed in and out of the bosom of his family, he goes off every summer to the same old camp, urging me over his shoulder to follow him at the first opportunity.

This year I somehow succumbed to his invitation. I promised to spend three or four week-ends with him, close to nature and back in the habit of primitive man. He pointed out that he was a life-long camper and could guarantee my entire comfort, plus an almost intolerable amount of innocent fun. So on a Saturday afternoon I drove into his half-portion of the wilderness by way of a road that cost me a rear spring and the cap of the gasoline tank. It threatened rain, but I knew that the camper was well provided and protected against the elements.

It came on to rain. In spite of it he showed me the kitchen, which was principally a matter of frying pans, and kept me standing there until a rivulet down my neck had washed me entirely clean of the inhibitions of civilization. Then we went and sat in the tent, in company with six army cots and the family. We talked of this and that until the pangs of hunger became audible in the entire company.

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"Let's eat," said he. "I'll brew a big pot of oatmeal and we'll have some bacon. Nothing like camping to give you an appetite."

We ate supper in the tent and then played rummy until bedtime. In the morning I took a hasty breakfast of oatmeal and bacon and drove off in the rain for home.

It was a scorching summer's day when I arrived on the following Saturday. We sat around a while, but flies and mosquitoes became so attentive that we all went and sat in the tent. Then we had a nice dinner of oatmeal and bacon and played rummy in the tent until bedtime. I rose early in the morning for a swim, but found the creek an unappetizing combination of green scum and mud. So I took my portion of oatmeal and bacon and drove home.

When I next arrived it was at the end of a long hard week, and I was tired. To loaf a while amid the beauties of nature seemed an admirable idea. I broached it to my host and he concurred at once. "Lie down in the tent," he suggested. "You see, we don't trouble with chairs and things like that at camp. I'll call you for supper."

So I lay down in the tent, and was wakened at last to join in a feast of oatmeal and bacon. After supper a cold and rheumatic breeze blew up, so we sat in the tent and played rummy. In the morning it was practically freezing, so I snatched my oatmeal and bacon and went home.

On my last visit the day was ideal, a perfect combination of cloud-flecked skies and gentle zephyrs. I drove out early, contemplating a long afternoon of hunting, fishing, swimming and all the other delights of camping. I found my host delighted to see me. "It's such a nice day," he explained, "that I thought it would be a fine idea for us all to ride down in your car and spend the evening at the movies. We'll have an early supper of oatmeal and bacon and be off. That's the great thing about camping — you are always free to do whatever you like whenever you like. Don't you think so?"

That was my last visit. Next summer I am going camping on my own account. I have picked a little place in the hills, overlooking a lake, hard by a golf course, and with hot and cold water in every room. There are hammocks on the screened porches and trains every hour to the city. I have also a special contract with the manager that there will be neither oatmeal nor bacon on the menu. Campers must endure a certain measure of deprivation or there's no fun in it, and I am sacrificing oatmeal, bacon and rummy and the privilege of sitting in a tent.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(*This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.*)

Question: "My wife will be leaving shortly to spend a month's vacation with her folks. In her absence I propose to do a little light housekeeping and prepare my own meals. Will you suggest a few simple menus which may be prepared by a temporary bachelor without undue risk or expense?"

Answer: By all means. We know exactly how you feel. This domestic problem has been much overrated. Any man of reasonable intelligence can plan and prepare meals with a minimum of waste time and effort, by applying to the problem the elementary principles of business efficiency. For instance:

For breakfast we suggest eggs. Put a frying pan on the gas stove and smear it — i.e. the frying pan — with butter or anything else around the kitchen that looks like grease. This will only be necessary for the first day or so, after which the pan will be permanently greased. Hit the egg smartly at the waist line so that its insides drop into the frying pan. After it has spluttered a while, turn it over, probably in sections. When it begins to char around the edges it is ready to eat.

For lunch we suggest fried eggs. These are prepared in much the same fashion as described in the breakfast menu and make a nice change. A can of beans may be added if you can find a can-opener.

For dinner we advise *œufs à la frying pan.* These are prepared by cooking the *œufs* or eggs in a frying pan in a flat or recumbent position surrounded by a pool of butter or grease. By continuing the process past the critical point of coagulation of the yolk and calcification of the white, the egg will be

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toughened to the point where it may be chewed off a fork, which saves dishes.

This will suggest an infinite variety of tasty dishes for the first three days, after which you may go out and locate the nearest restaurant or telegraph for your wife.

Question: "Please explain the tariff to me. If Congress is in recess, why do we have to listen to so much political chatter from Washington? With Washington as hot as it is, do you suppose anybody down there can do any thinking that amounts to anything during the summer?"

Answer: The trouble with political discussion at Washington during the summer is not the heat. It's the tumidity.

Question: "Why was Secretary Stimson's pet goat refused admittance to this country? Why was it sent back to Manila? Why is this nation so inhospitable to unfortunate and innocent aliens?"

Answer: There is probably a tariff on goats and also an embargo and a quarantine. Possibly the goat had foot and mouth disease. Very likely the goat is a large and hungry goat, and with the Japanese Beetle still fresh in memory one can't be too careful. Also there's the matter of unfair competition. There are over six million milch goats in this country, trying to get along and maintain the American standard of living. Maybe Mr. Stimson's goat isn't that kind of a goat, but it's hard to tell at this distance. Anyhow, though somebody has got the Secretary's goat, he still has his swearing parrot. You can't have everything.

Question: "I am a newcomer to this country and do not altogether understand the English language as it is spoken here. What is meant by the 'comic strips'?"

Answer: If you will spend a summer afternoon on the Jersey beaches, you'll soon find out.

Question: "We have lately purchased an old house and are remodeling it and bringing it up to date. Out beyond the back door is a well. It is a deep well, with water in it, but we have no real use for it, since we have now become attached to the local water works. Also we lately found in it two dead rabbits. Since we have two children, we feel we should dispose of the well. How do you dispose of a well?"

Answer: If any of our readers would care for a well, we will gladly put them in touch with our correspondent. The well will then be shipped to them C. O. D.

Otherwise we fear it will be difficult to dispose of the well. In our town the man calls for ashes and tin cans every Wednesday and we always manage to get them out by Thursday so that he makes away with them the following week. But we have found that he will not remove anything larger than a small bed-spring without special coaxing and this seems to be a large well.

Perhaps you might give the well to the Salvation Army when the truck comes round for the quarterly collection. Or else you might auction the well or raffle it off. If you happen to be a small manufacturer you might turn it inside out and use it for a chimney, in which case you should first remove the water and the rabbits. If none of these suggestions meet the problem, we are afraid we can't help you.

THE SMOKING CAR

The smoking car is torrider
Than summer down in Florida;
Its atmosphere is murky and obscure;
But this close approximation
To complete asphyxiation
Does not hinder conversation
I am sure.

Here a caucus and convention
Free from female intervention
Holds a session all along the right of way;
In a mighty concentration
Of the wisdom of the nation
On all problems of creation
Every day.

Here the after-breakfast speaker
Is no quieter nor meeker
Than a lawyer or a Congressman-elect;
And conditions are conducive
To argument effusive,
Though less than quite conclusive,
I expect.

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Our Centre of Gravity

"A thing that nobody believes cannot be proved too often." Bernard Shaw

Since criminology became a polite science and behaviorism began masquerading as a philosophy, there have been plenty to ask why men go wrong. The question is voiced with a monotonous frequency, like that of the fond but frantic mother who cannot understand why her boys behave as they do. Despite the fact that she should know as much as anyone concerning the origin of domestic evil, she implores the boys themselves and the circumambient air in general to reveal why they are disorderly, destructive, disobedient, mischievous and unreliable. In much the same fashion society bewails the perversity of its errant members.

The question itself amounts to a flat denial of the genial old doctrine of original sin. In days of more positive theologies there was no such doubt or dismay. Boys were commonly recognized as imps of Satan, and men in general were the children of the devil whose works they would do. There was no question as to why men went wrong. It was, in fact, practically expected of them.

But now that we are all turned scientific, analytical, and incurably curious as to what makes the wheels go round, there is no lack of discovered reasons for misbehavior. Men, it appears, go wrong through heredity, environment, inhibition, education, lack of education, opportunity, lack of opportunity, bad example, bad company and the high cost of living. They go wrong because of bad teeth, clots on the brain, incipient tuberculosis, or the erratic behavior of their ductless glands. They go wrong because of prenatal influences, Freudian complexes, and the misbehaviorism of their ancestors. They go wrong because of the callous cruelty of society and the garbled moral values of the motion pictures, and also in obedience to the law of supply and demand. They go wrong because they chewed matches in infancy or because they were brought up on stories of hobgoblins and pirates.

So many good reasons for vice are almost sufficient to make it a virtue. It is not to be wondered that men go wrong when there are so many inducements to do so; it is more remarkable that a proportion of them should do anything else. The briefest survey of all that science has done for sin is sufficient to inspire the question as to why men go right. For it is clear that some do so, or else the world would be more of a madhouse than it is.

If virtue be an admirable thing, then it must be practised for admirable reasons. Virtue which is the consequence of fear, caution, habit, stupidity or lack of opportunity, has little positive moral quality. It is evident that some of us simply lack the courage for crime and the stomach for sin. It is also clear that in this land of hypothetical equal chances for all there is a grossly unfair distribution of opportunities for first-class misbehavior. A third reason for rectitude is that so many men are slaves to good habits. They shrink from anything which upsets the applecart of their lives, whether the change promise good or bad or mere excitement. If this be virtue, then virtue is singularly close to laziness.

Furthermore there are those who make no compact with the devil principally because they are not aware that the devil is in the neighborhood; who pass unscathed through the fire because they are ignorant that anything is burning. Others depend on the ancient formula that "honesty is the best policy," which is probably not true and certainly sours the outcome of good intentions with self-interest. And there are those who live hard and fast by standards, internal or external, which are thoroughly lacking in uniformity, whether in code, creed, intelligence or authority. Some are built of falsehoods; some are merely traditional or geographical or fashionable. Some are inherited, like the grandfather's clock or the habit of talking through the nose. Some are simply matters of vague agreement as to what the well-bred man will do or not do, so that plenty of men will not commit crime for the same reasons that others will not wear a soiled collar. And though it is true that many men go right because they live by a personal

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or internal law, it is equally true that they go wrong for the same reason.

These are not sufficiently satisfactory reasons why men go right. To find better, we must make a couple of assumptions. The first is that there is indeed such a thing as virtuous behavior. The second is that it is peculiarly a human attribute. We do not question the morality of a cat or cabbage nor are we spiritually pained because little worms eat green apples and dead logs breed fungi. It is probable that we shall discover the reason why men go right or wrong somewhere in the neighborhood of the distinctive and essential human characteristic, whatever it may be.

By process of elimination we can narrow the human prerogatives to the single faculty of free choice. Man has a definite, exact and individual freedom to do as he pleases or rather to intend as he pleases. Unless he is completely and congenitally lunatic there is at least a moment in his experience when he weighs a matter by reason and decides it by choice. This is the sign and stamp of his humanity, and perhaps the only one. In all other respects he is like an animal, a vegetable and a collection of carbohydrates and assorted minerals. But the graph of his spiritual life is that he climbs by growth and education to the point of deliberate choice between alternatives, and thereafter either holds on to his human privilege or slides back from it.

Why do free men go wrong? Because they threw away their birthright; because they surrendered, somewhere along the line, to an enemy that was not then very formidable; because they failed to choose between "Yes" and "No." Later the enemy found ample allies; the cords were drawn tighter, the downward track was greased. The condition of the criminal man becomes at last morally pathological, at which time he becomes really interesting to scientists and psychologists whose favorite weakness it is to put the cart before the horse. All their explanations of the fall of man are like the opinions of a coroner's jury on a man found dead at the foot of a cliff. They discuss the height of the cliff, the jaggedness of the rocks, the condition of the body, the disposition of the deceased. Yet the important fact is that the man is dead and the important question is how or why he fell.

Why do men go right? Because they hang on to their human prerogative. They may blunder, but they do not surrender. For virtue is freedom, cherished and preserved; vice is slavery. It is a simple distinction. It is not so simple to determine what this freedom may be. It is not an inherited characteristic, since it has no conceivable relation to practical biology. It cannot be localized in the brain, like sight or smell or the ability to spell. It is not a chemical product, an enzyme, or the secretion of a ductless gland. Moreover, it has no dimensions and no degrees; it cannot be more or less. It is a purely abstract commodity, yet it seems singularly practical and efficient.

Yet this is essentially a definition of a thing that is beyond all natural law and must therefore be spiritual. But there will be plenty who are cold-blooded and hard-boiled and honest enough in these days to reply that there is no spiritual, whether you call it soul or by some name less naïve. Maybe they are right, but if so it devolves upon them to answer to their satisfaction and our own the question as to why men go right. If they cannot do so, it may be that Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche can help them. He argued, you remember, that it doesn't really matter, and that anything is right if you can get away with it and wrong if you can't. This is a poor alternative to the conception of man as a free and responsible spiritual being, but it is about the only one there is.

The S. & N.

Alphabetical Education

No. 17. Dentistry

Dentistry is a painful business, and not suited to sensitive and temperamental natures. Those who are susceptible to the suffering of others or who have an inborn antipathy to inflicting punishment on dumb or inanimate objects, may not be able to bear the

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dying agonies of an extracted tooth as it gasps out its last breath in a pool of iodine. There are also those who are opposed to vivisection and some whose nerves cannot endure the mere sight of a buzz saw. These sensitive souls had better recognize their limitations, and go into undertaking or paperhanging or some other clean and kindly business.

Those who have a natural appetite for excavation can become either subway contractors or dentists. If they choose dentistry, they should first learn the names of the teeth. These are divided into incisors, molars, canines, felines and cuspidors, and all animals have them except babies, hens and mushrooms. As far as mankind is concerned in his present low estate, they are a trouble to acquire, a grief to maintain, and an abomination to be without; it is equally painful to get them, keep them or lose them. They have an almost unlimited capacity for trouble, and although one man's mouth contains not more than sixty-five teeth, it will supply enough business to keep an enterprising dentist occupied for three months in the year. This makes it rather nice to be a dentist.

The preliminary education of a dentist should include practical bricklaying and cement work, a brief course in the use of the brace and bit, and the elements of resuscitating the drowned. His essential equipment includes an assortment of files, chisels and augur bits; a steam-shovel, an artesian well driller and a pile-driver; and a selection of mild anæsthetics, such as cocaine, gasoline and strychnine. He also needs a rubber blanket.

When you have secured these, together with a diploma from a college or correspondence school or something that looks like one, you will need a young lady attendant and at least two patients. If the young lady attendant is chosen with care, she will attract approximately as much business as you will drive away, and the law of supply and demand will be left free to operate unhindered. Since there are a great many teeth in the world and more coming, you will eventually get a patient.

Take the patient unawares, and tie him tightly in an ordinary barber's chair or second-hand electrocution equipment, muffling all protests in the rubber blanket, which is to be stretched across the esophagus and fastened with tenpenny nails. Now answer your telephone, open your mail and read the morning paper, engaging meanwhile in pleasant and improving conversation. If the blanket is properly attached and has no holes in it, there will be no serious difficulty with the patient. When the patient shows signs of drowning in his own perspiration, you may start walking around inside his mouth in hob-nailed boots, discussing meanwhile your last fishing trip and the baseball prospects. Continue the discussion while conducting test excavations in the mouth, remarking occasionally, "Does that hurt?" If the patient tries to nod, the drill will go through the roof of his mouth, and this will soon discourage him. Continue the motion until your primitive instincts are thoroughly satisfied.

Extraction is one of the most fascinating features of dentistry, but should not be carried to excess as it rapidly limits the scope of future operations. Extraction should be practically painless, particularly to the dentist, if the patient is stunned by an assistant in advance of the operation. An ordinary piece of lead pipe is very satisfactory for the purpose, and will be found capable of standing up under years of continued service.

If these simple suggestions are followed, a dentist will rapidly build up a good business, and spend a busy life filling aching voids in people's faces.

The Endurance Record

This has been a season of strain and suspense, rather than of excitement. For the world's fickle interest has turned away from the pursuit of speed and appointed the endurance contest as the proper study of mankind. Honors and emoluments have been heaped upon marathon dancers, flagpole sitters and airplane pilots. A champion has been crowned in the person of the gentleman who has commuted continuously for forty-eight years and missed his train but twice. Mr. Pyle's bunion derby has limped across the continent, striking terror to the heart of every railroad on the route by blazing a new trail to California. An earnest and serious-minded young man set out in the spring to push a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose, and at last reports had worn out his twenty-ninth peanut though his nose showed as yet no signs of cracking under the strain.

The airplane endurance flights have most

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engrossed us, and the airminded public, the newspapers, and the gasoline companies rejoice and give thanks that of such feats and flights there need be no end. When five Army men were successful in remaining away from home for a week, it was simply a challenge to somebody to get off the earth for two weeks at a time. Thereupon somebody went after a month's vacation in the upper air, and when that is over there still remains the possibility of a full year's endurance flight. At last the time will come when an airplane and its crew will take off on an endurance flight and never come down again, which will be all right with us.

The nice thing about these endurance tests is that anyone can do them, and thereby contribute something to science and a great deal to the dignity of man in a world that never intended to take him seriously. In our own family we hold numerous endurance contests. There is one that goes on when the baby cries in the night, its object being to determine whether my wife or I can successfully feign sleep longer than the other. An endurance test of the utmost scientific importance goes on perpetually between my collars and the laundry, to determine how many times these singular pieces of civilized neckwear can go back and forth to the cleaners without decapitating their owner or separating into their components parts. And I am conducting some very personal tests into the endurance powers of razor blades and the face that is shaved by them.

My first test broke down when I inadvertently used toothpaste for shaving cream on the third shave. Starting with a new blade I reached the fifth shave before my wife borrowed the blade to clean paint from a window. After several relative failures I got up to the seventh shave with a blade of unusual staying powers, but broke out with poison ivy on my neck before I could carry the experiment through to a resounding record. Later I did better. I reached the seventh shave without trouble, the eighth with a few involuntary tears, the ninth with minor lacerations. I got through the tenth by first rubbing my face with sandstone and soaking my whiskers in vinegar to soften them. The whole family stood around while I went through with the eleventh, the razor groaning and straining under its burden. But I managed it, though a few surviving whiskers here and there would do no more than bend to the weary edge that passed over them.

I had hoped to hang up a record for all time with twelve full shaves from the one faithful and enduring blade. I tuned it to perfection, oiled all its joints, and soaped my face a full half hour. Half way across it went smoothly and sufficiently well, pulling out by the roots those hairs that would not fall. The family cheered and urged me on. I clenched my teeth and went on. Reporters waited outside the door for news of my triumph. But alas, just as I started up the other side I blundered. Forgetting the natural flow of my whiskers I turned the razor at an unfortunate angle, full against the sturdy crop on the northeast corner of my cheek. The blade balked once, went on again and stopped. Its edge curled up and died. It crumpled and crashed, its resistance sapped by the long grind of eleven successful shaves. Bleeding a little from the chin and with bare patches here and there about me, I fell into the waiting arms of my wife. Human endurance had outstayed machinery once again.

I wait now for the vaudeville contracts, the publishers and the syndicates. I am prepared to name the razor, the soap, the oil, the court plaster and liniments with which I made this outstanding record. Others, no doubt, will better my record, but I am content. Progress must go on and if I have contributed my mite, it is enough. And if the rewards of my achievement are as good as they ought to be, I'll never shave myself again.

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast;
The baseball game was o'er at last;
The umpire died without a sound —
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior!

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